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Photograph by Russell.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HENRY FREDERICK STEPHENSON, K.C.B.

THE NAVAL OFFICER WHO WOULD, IN THE EVENT OF WAR, PLAY A VERY PROMINENT PART IN OUR NATIONAL DEFENCE.

Admiral Stephenson is Senior Officer in Command of the Channel Squadron. He is fifty-six years of age and entered the Service in 1855. He served with distinction in the Crimean War, in the Canton River, and throughout the Indian Mutiny with Pearl's Naval Brigade. He commanded the "Discovery" in the Arctic Expedition of 1875-76; was present at Tel-el-Kebir, commanded the Pacific station, and in July 1897 was commander of the Channel Squadron at the celebration review.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

You would not suppose a reviewer of novels, at first blush, to be a fighting-man. He gives hard knocks, now and then, but they are moral, not physical. There seems nothing in his trade to stimulate a taste for villainous sult-petre. I read novels of action, full of derring-do, without any desire to man a bastion or join in a bayonet-charge; but I find another critic in a fine warlike temper after a course of contemporary fiction. Our novelists, he says, are not great writers, and he is inclined to attribute this lack of greatness to the decay of the national spirit for three quarters of a century. A big war would do wonders for our literature, "especially in the regions of fancy and emotion." Let us engage in a death-grapple with one or two great Powers and emerge victorious; then you will see true inspiration in the novel and a general uplifting of soul by strenuous thoughts and martial endeavour. If all our novelists can be sent to the front, so much the better. A few weeks in the trenches would make even Mr. Henry James a robust stylist, especially if he devoted his leisure to war-correspondence. Mr. Barrie might be excused from the hardships of the field and put in touch with the commissariat department, which, as the Sirdar remarked in his despatch on the battle of Omdurman, is the backbone of an army. To what patriotic vigour might not the service of rations inspire the author of "Sentimental Tommy"?

I suspect that the critic whose eagerness for blood-letting I have ventured to paraphrase is really a most pacific creature, stung to desperation by the monotony of his calling. If you have to read many novels every week, and review them in batches, you may be forgiven for seeking refreshment in the thought of battle, murder, and sudden death. But I would suggest to this reviewer that a great war would not make his occupation any more interesting. It is true that in times of stress and peril the literature of a country may respond to the spur which pricks the sides of the national intent. But there are striking examples to the contrary. What has the victorious campaign of 1870 done for German literature? Has the reviewer of German novels any reason to be grateful for Sedan? What did Pope or Addison owe to the trophies of Marlborough? Addison wrote a tolerable copy of verses about that great commander; and but for this, we should not possess one of the most delightful scenes in "Esmond." (I beg the reader to turn to the new edition of that classic, and to note that Mr. Esmond had a poor opinion of the verses in question, although Dick Steele, fired by a bottle of Burgundy, read them aloud with much enthusiasm.) Still, what had Marlborough to do with Sir Roger de Coverley and the *Spectator*? Or with the genius of Swift? Wolfe fell gloriously at Quebec, but would rather have stayed at home and written Gray's "Elegy." Would Wordsworth have any less a poet had Wellington never existed? Or Scott any less a romancer had we not conquered Napoleon? What offlorescence "in the regions of fancy and emotion" can be traced to our successes in the Crimea? Except in the spurious times of Elizabeth, there is little affinity between the literary genius of England and her readiness with the mailed fist. But the highest work of Shakspeare is not, like "Henry V." the direct expression of national ardour.

In our own day, this function of representing the spirit of the people is the business of the newspapers. A grave complication in foreign affairs makes the citizen study the telegrams, the Stock Exchange, and the leading articles; it does not send him in quest of a patriotic novel. Mr. Kipling, no doubt, has illuminated India for many of us. It is easier to understand, when we have read his stories, how that dependency is administered by a handful of Britons. But, as a rule, "the regions of fancy and emotion" are not occupied by questions of government. Balzac achieved his prodigious studies of the human comedy without any stimulus from contemporary politics, though he was fond of asserting that the duty of literature was to sustain the Roman Catholic Church and the Bourbon dynasty. His reputation is not based on his services to either. The business of the novelist is with mankind in its diverse aspects, of which a patriotic exaltation serves less frequently as a theme than as a background. In "Vanity Fair," when the story approaches the field of Waterloo, it is not of Wellington and Napoleon you are thinking, but of the strategy of Becky and the imperturbable coolness of Mrs. O'Dowd. The truth is, my brother-reviewer, that in novels, as in life, character is little affected by the conditions of peace or war; and even if we were plunged into a European conflict, you would be none the less bored by the fictitious heroes whose acquaintance is thrust upon you in the course of professional discipline.

The writer with whom I continue to take these liberties contends that not only the literature, but also the moral tone of the British people would benefit greatly by a struggle entailing the costliest sacrifices. He looks for the overthrow of "sentimentalism and the cant of humanitarianism." I never know what those terms precisely mean. They convey a vague impression of personal abuse, like the parallelogram which Dan O'Connell hurled at the

Dublin fishwife. If it is the "cant of humanitarianism" to object to fighting for its own sake, then the war that is to free us from this moral poison will have to destroy all the pulpits. "Even the finer shades of sentimentalism," says my literary oracle, "do not appeal to us as they did." As a proof of this, he points sternly to "our increasing regard for our soldiers." We are all eager to applaud our soldiers at the right season, and to throw up our hats for the Sirdar without any sordid anxiety as to what may become of them in the crowd. But does this mean that we ought to burn powder in order to improve the breed of novelists, and banish "even the finer shades of sentimentalism" from the national character? "Who can doubt that we shall sweat out the bad blood which loves charlatans and tolerates incompetence, and is beguiled by cant of every sort?" So the act of waging a successful war is to save us for ever from fraud, hypocrisy, and stupidity! Dear, dear! I do not remember to have read of any war that had this delightful result for the victors. The old Jacobins used to cry, "Be my brother, or I will kill you!" We are to improve on this by saying to the foreigner, "We must give ourselves the pleasure of killing you that we may be enlightened and incorruptible, and endowed with a supernatural capacity for detecting the impostor and the fool!"

At this moment the contingency of war is in everybody's mind, and there is no difference of opinion as to the national policy. But every man goes about his affairs with precisely the same degree of intelligence that distinguished him before he had heard of Fashoda. He has no keener eye for a fraudulent company-promoter than he had when there was no talk of special naval preparations. By a stroke of irony, which ought to be a warning to critics who expect our novels and plays to be transfigured by patriotic emotion, there are actually two versions of "The Three Musketeers" on the London stage. Some people are very angry with the theatrical adapters who have laid hands upon this masterpiece. That does not matter. "The Three Musketeers" will be read when its footlight phantasms are forgotten. But it is a quaint coincidence that the military heroes of Dumas should be swaggering on our boards just when it is a question whether we shall come to blows with their countrymen. The "fighting note" is strong in our theatre; but it is French! It needs only "Cyrano de Bergerac" in English at the Lyceum to complete the comedy. If we had war with France, some manager might produce "Henry V." as an encouragement to our forces; but even then, why should not the enlightened playgoer enjoy Shakspeare's swashbuckling one night and M. Rostand's another? Why not applaud d'Artagnan even when we were settling accounts with the French fleet off Brest?

This might be classed among the higher courtesies of the military spirit, though it has a taint of "sentimentalism." The view of one distinguished French writer is free at least from this reproach. M. Maurice Barrès has been regretting that France did not adopt the policy of the Marquis de Morès, who wanted to make a league with the Khalifa against the British domination in Egypt. France was to ally her interests with the barbarism of the Dervishes, and civilisation was to be denied to the Soudan when it appeared in British guise. There was no "cant of humanitarianism" about this scheme, which was to perpetuate the cruelty of the Baggaras under the tricolour. Morès was assassinated by a fanatic of Tripoli, who did not appreciate the new bond of brotherhood between France and Islam; but M. Barrès is still of opinion that France would have made an honourable figure before the civilised world by helping the Khalifa against us. I have not the slightest doubt that the critic who wants to abolish cant, charlatany, and incompetence by going to war would have denounced this as treason to the welfare of mankind. M. Barrès would have retorted with some acrimonious pleasantries about the humanitarianism of perfidious Albion. Evidently the only way to escape this odium is to avow oneself a frank savage.

Sir Donald Currie is tired of Parliament, as a man has a right to be at the age of seventy-three. West Perthshire will have to find somebody else to represent it, and the House will certainly miss the member, of some eighteen years' standing, who had a good reputation for business and whose yacht, at any rate when Gladstone and Tennyson were aboard it, was the envy of members on both sides. The name of Sir Donald Currie will not be buried by Mr. Morley in the Gladstone biography, as it was, for some unimaginable reason, in the Life of Lord Tennyson, where it is not to be found in the copious index of proper names, and where the chapter on "The Voyage on the *Pembroke Castle*" does not record the fact that Sir Donald was its owner. He was on board, however, with Sir Arthur Gordon, Sir Andrew Clark, and the rest, when Tennyson and Gladstone had many talks about poetry, and when they went ashore at Copenhagen and dined with the King and Queen of Denmark. It was on the *Pembroke Castle* that Mr. Gladstone offered Tennyson the peerage, despite his fear that the poet "might insist on wearing his wideawake in the House of Lords."

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, on Saturday, accompanied by the Empress Frederick and Princess Henry of Battenberg, inspected the newly formed 2nd Battalion of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders Regiment, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Hunt. General E. F. Chapman, commanding the Scottish Military Division, and a large company of ladies and gentlemen, witnessed the military ceremony. Her Majesty presented colours to this battalion, after a religious consecration conducted by the Rev. S. J. Ramsay Sibbald. The officers and soldiers dined at Balmoral Castle. On Monday Lord Kitchener of Khartoum and Mr. A. J. Balfour arrived there as guests of the Queen. The Empress Frederick has gone to visit Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny Castle.

The Princess of Wales and the Duke of York have returned home from Denmark, and have gone with the Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales to Sandringham. His Royal Highness on Oct. 27, the first anniversary of the death of the late Duchess of Teck, went to Windsor, with the Duchess of York and her brothers, to attend a memorial service in St. George's Chapel.

The Duke of Cambridge and the Lord Mayor dined and spoke at the annual Colchester Oyster Feast on Monday. Twelve thousand oysters were swallowed.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers was held at the Foreign Office on Oct. 27, after which Lord Salisbury received Baron de Courcey, the French Ambassador, and had a conversation of nearly two hours with him. The Admiralty were busy on Friday and Saturday. Orders were sent to Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Devonport, also to Queenstown and Greenock, and to Cardiff for coal, instantly to assemble an "Emergency Squadron" at Plymouth. It consists of H.M.S. *Houle*, *Colossus*, *Benbow*, *Collingwood*, and *Nile*, first-class battle-ships, and several others, including the *Trafalgar*, port guard-ship at Portsmouth, quickly made ready for sea, and some armoured cruisers. Gibraltar is the expected destination of this powerful squadron. The ships are receiving their full complement of officers and seamen drawn from different stationary port guard-ships and coastguard. Two new armoured cruisers have been launched at Pembroke Dockyard and at Govan, on the Clyde.

Sir Matthew White Ridley, the Home Secretary, speaking at a Conservative meeting near Newcastle on Saturday, said that Government did not intend to recede on an inch from the position which they had taken up with regard to Fashoda, and that France could not be allowed to assert sovereignty in that or any other part of the Egyptian Soudan territories; there was no room at all for negotiation on this point. If France should ask for a delimitation of frontier and commercial access to the Nile, that might fairly be a subject of discussion, and he did not imagine there would be any difficulty in approaching it from such a point of view. Several members of the Government have been speaking on the subject. Sir William Harcourt, on Oct. 26, at Aberystwith, referred to this question; so did Earl Spencer at Greenock; and in two speeches at York and at Huddersfield, Sir Edward Grey expressed his approval of the line adopted by Government. Sir H. Fowler also spoke in support.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the newly appointed Viceroy of India, with the new Bishop-designate of Calcutta, the Rev. Dr. Welldon, was entertained on Friday by a large party of Old Etonians at a Cafe Monico banquet, Lord Rosebery in the chair, with some cordial and lively speaking, the Etonian youthful experiences lending an agreeable zest to the earnest anticipation of strenuous official toil and grave responsibilities in the Eastern Empire.

Very heavy rain fell in London and all over the south-eastern parts of England on Saturday evening, but at particular places, in a small area, the atmospheric disturbance produced a violent whirlwind or revolving hurricane, while, at half a mile distance, no extraordinary force of wind prevailed. This was remarkably displayed at Camberwell Green, where, about half-past nine o'clock, a tornado caused much damage to many houses, to the chimneys, roofs, windows, and doors, and even overturned carriages in the street. No persons were killed or severely hurt, but some had a narrow escape.

Unexpected news by telegraph from Cairo reached Paris on Friday evening that Major Marchand had quitted Fashoda, leaving there Captain Germain, two other officers, two non-commissioned, and over a hundred Senegal negro soldiers, and was at Khartoum on his way to Cairo, for communicating with the French Government. On Saturday Captain Baratier was hastily sent from Paris back to Cairo, there to meet Major Marchand, to receive his further reports, and to give him further instructions. Various rumours and conjectures have been current with regard to the situation of the small party of Frenchmen left at Fashoda. That place is effectually held by a strong battalion of Egyptian Soudanese regular troops under command of Colonel Jackson.

The new French Government formed at Paris, consisting of M. Dupuy, Premier and Minister of the Interior, M. Delcassé, still Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Freycinet, Minister of War, M. Lockroy, Minister of Marine, M. Paul Delambre, and several others, has taken office this week.

The peace treaty negotiations in Paris between the Commissioners of Spain and of the United States of America seem to have produced a definite settlement only so far as Cuba and the West Indian Colonies are concerned. President McKinley's refusal to become liable for the Cuban Government debt, upon the ground that America does not annex Cuba to her dominion, prevailing against the Spanish proposals; but the agreement has since been disturbed by a similar question arising with regard to the Philippines, with the uncertainty of what is likely to be demanded there in the way of direct cession. America shows a disposition to claim the principal island, Luzon, with Manila, the capital and chief port of commerce, but is not inclined to take over the debt incurred by Spain on account of those islands. At the time of our going to press, negotiations were virtually at a deadlock.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

About five years ago, when writing in a popular magazine about the internal arrangements of the Chamber of Deputies, I made the following remark: "The tribune is reached by a double flight of steps, a very sensible arrangement, inasmuch as it prevents two political adversaries from coming in too close a contact with each other while party passion is at its height; for by the rules of the Chamber the supporters and the opponents of a measure follow each other, and the rule cannot be set aside except by a member voluntarily giving up his turn to another member whom he designates." The rostrum in use at the Palais Bourbon is a hundred and five years old; it was designed by David, the famous painter, for the Convention, when that assembly moved from the Riding-School built for Louis XV. to the Tuilleries itself; hence it is not the one at which those members recorded their votes for or against the death of Louis XVI.

The fate of that particular piece of furniture is wrapped in mystery; it was a primitive affair, but it also had two flights of steps. This would show that almost from the very beginning of the Parliamentary régime those entrusted with the preservation of order in the House were not too confident of the temper of the new legislators. Neither their labours at the Salle des Menus-Plaisirs at Versailles, interrupted as they were on three different occasions, during which interruptions the legislators shifted to the historical Racket Court and to the Church of St. Louis, nor their deliberations at the Archbishops' in Paris had bred insurance in that respect. The subsequent scenes in the Riding-School were scarcely calculated to inspire the outsider with greater trust in the power of self-control of the would-be regenerators of France; consequently, David, after all, only did what under the circumstances the most elementary wisdom commanded.

It is doubtful, though, whether during the century and nearly a decade of representative institutions in France, that double flight of steps ever proved more useful in preventing a pugilistic encounter between two over-excited adversaries than at the opening of the Chambers last week. But for that extra means of descent we should have seen the head of the French Army in hand-to-hand conflict with the poet whom, without exaggeration, we may call the French Rudyard Kipling; for unquestionably M. Paul Déroulède has done as much to popularise Duranet by his "Chants du Soldat" and his "Nouveaux Chants du Soldat," as the author of "On the Road to Mandelay" did in that respect for Mr. Thomas Atkins, and with this note in the Frenchman's favour—that he did this many years before the Englishman.

I need only touch lightly upon the scene. M. Déroulède having finished his short speech by saying that his friends and he would sweep away the Liberals, "even though in doing so we should bespatter by our votes General Chanoine," the latter, refusing to be bespattered even by a poet, made a rush for the would-be spatterer; but as he rushed toward the right staircase of the rostrum, the grandson of Pugault-Lebrun and nephew of Emile Augier made for the left one, and by the time the grey-bearded warrior had reached the top M. Déroulède had disappeared altogether. This, then, is the case, stated briefly; and one cannot help asking oneself why the French have not long ago adopted our way of doing things by allowing members to speak from their seats? That they will not resign themselves to this is but too evident to everyone who, like myself, has seen them at work for years. Except to refute a statement affecting himself, the French deputy, the moment he shows signs of saying more than a few words, is cheered or jeered to that rostrum; and to put the matter in its most practical aspect, there is the loss of time in going to and fro, for the member has often to descend from a considerable height to the floor of the House, and then has to climb up again. There is something else. The member who might content himself with uttering a few syllables, if left to do so where he is sitting, feels almost irresistibly tempted to make a sot speech when he feels that all eyes are upon him.

The reader must not imagine that this reform has been suggested to me by the scene I have just attempted to describe. More than a decade and a half ago I hinted the thing to one of the most sensible men in the French Chamber, the late M. Madier de Montjau, one of the questors, and who, in spite of his occasional impetuosity, was generally amenable to reason. He shook his head. "It would not do," he answered. "There are in this Chamber men whose grandfathers sat in the Assemblies of the First Republic, and whose fathers occupied similar seats in the Legislatures of the Citizen-Monarchy and Second Republic. These men are practically political fixtures under the Third Republic. Neither they nor their fathers, nor their grandfathers, have ever opened their lips to address their fellow-legislators in public. They are virtually useless, but they give no trouble. On the other hand, there are men of whom more than forty-five years ago Michel de Bourges said: 'The most difficult thing with deputies who do not speak' is to induce them to hold their tongues.' The criticism holds as good to-day as when it was first uttered. There is the deputy who could not speak a score of succinct and intelligible sentences to save his life, but who every now and again executes a short solo in his own seat on well-known themes. If he be a Republican the theme is, 'What about the St. Bartholomew massacres?' if a Legitimist, 'What about the murder of Louis XVI.?' if a Bonapartist, 'What about the execution of the hostages during the Commune?' etc. There is the greatest difficulty in repressing those ejaculations; but if we had not the tribune it would be impossible. It is only the fear of being invited thither that makes them curb their tongues."

Published Nov. 21.

THE
Christmas Number
OF THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE SPECTRE OF MONKTON.

Story by MAX PEMBERTON. Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

THE POISONED ICE.

Story by "Q." Illustrated by WAL PAGET.

A LAGGARD LOVER.

Story by GELETT BURGESS.

TRUTHFUL JAMES AND THE KLONDIKER.

Poem by BRET HARTE.

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NOTE.

It has been stated in the Press that THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE has changed hands. This is not the fact; the only change that has taken place has been in the Editorial department, and the Magazine will be published from THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS Office as before. The Magazine will be greatly improved, and several new features will be introduced in the January Number.

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THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE: THE MARKET SQUARE, HAIFA.

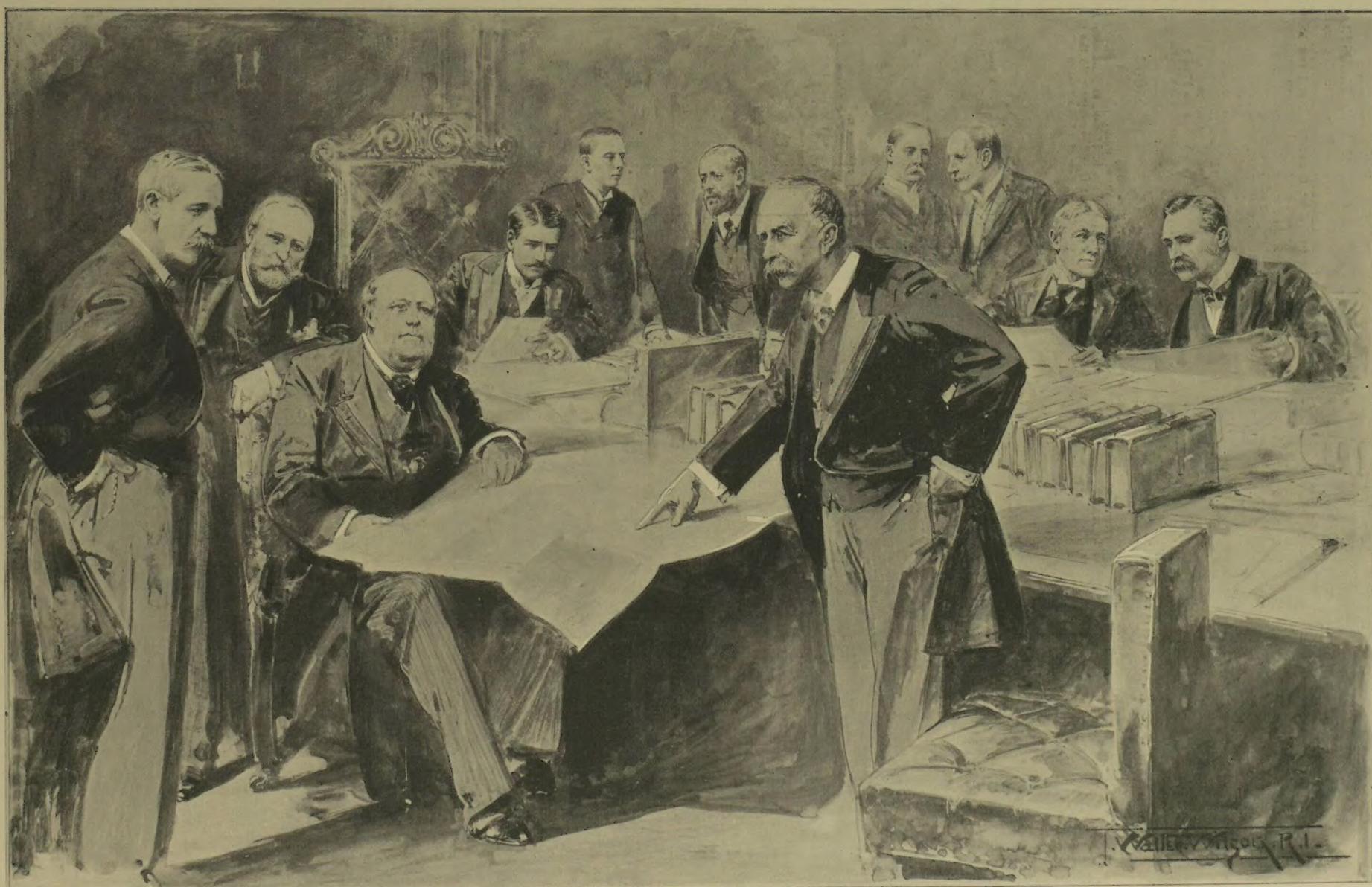
Facsimile Sketch by our Special Artist, Melton Prior.

Rear-Admiral Lewis A. Beaumont,
Director of Naval Intelligence.

Captain the Hon. Stanley Colville, Captain Jeffreys,
Naval Secretary. Director of Naval Ordnance.

Colonel Turner, General Sir E. Markham,
Military Secretary. Inspector-Gen. of Ordnance.

General Sir Richard Harrison,
Inspector-Gen. of Fortifications.



Major-General Sir J. C. Ardagh,
Director of Military Intelligence.

Admiral Sir F. Richards, The Hon. G. Wyndham, M.P.,
Senior Naval Lord. Under-Secretary of State for War.

General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.,
Adjutant-General to the Forces.

Vice-Admiral Sir Compton Domville,
Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves.

THE JOINT COMMITTEE (NAVAL AND MILITARY) OF NATIONAL DEFENCE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN PALESTINE.

On Tuesday, Oct. 25, his Majesty William II., with the Empress, entered the bay of Acre, and anchored off the small port of Haifa. Landing from a pinnace at four in the afternoon, the Emperor and Empress in a carriage drove up to a summit from which they had wide views to the north-west of the hills of Galilee, openings beyond to the valley of the Jordan and to Lebanon in the distance. They visited the German colony at Haifa. The imperial travellers returned on board their ship to pass the night. They landed again next day, received an official welcome from the Turkish local authorities, and entered the German Consulate, where a loyal address from the German colonists was presented; returning to sleep on board their own yacht.

On Thursday, coming ashore with the full suite of attendants at midday, they set forth on the road along the coast to Cesarea. There, at three o'clock, they were met by the Turkish Governor. His Majesty was shown, from a flat house-roof, the view of the antique ruins, with the modern Syrian village, and rode on horseback around them. Starting presently from Cesarea, the Emperor and Empress—her Majesty in the carriage, he riding—journeyed on to Jaffa.

At seven o'clock on Friday morning the illustrious tourists started for Jerusalem. It is but forty miles distant from Jaffa, and there is a railway, but they found the way more interesting by the Sultan's high-road. They encamped for the night at Bab-el-Wady, near the site of Nicopolis. On Saturday morning the short remaining distance to the Holy City was traversed by eleven o'clock. Both the Emperor and the Empress were on horseback. Djevad Pasha had gone forward to prepare the reception. A camp was made ready for them outside the city gates, in the northern suburbs, where they arrived to breakfast. On their formal entry into Jerusalem, at the Jaffa Gate, they were greeted by Nazim Pasha, the Vali or Governor of Syria, and by the city municipality. Salutes were fired from the Citadel batteries, and a military band at David's Tower played the German National Anthem. Their Majesties, walking on foot through narrow streets with various festive decorations, immediately went up to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Here they were received by all the Christian clergy of that church, the Roman Catholic headed by Monsignor Pavi, the Greek Orthodox by Monsignor Diamanos, and the Armenian by Monsignor Vahabedian, their Patriarch, who read addresses of welcome. After viewing the reputed Sepulchre and other hallowed crypts or recesses while a Latin hymn was chanted, the Emperor and Empress visited the chapel of Mount Calvary. They went to the newly erected German Protestant Church of the Redeemer, where his Majesty was received by Pastor Bosse, and met the Bishop of Salisbury there, with another English clergymen. On Sunday their Majesties went to Bethlehem and visited the Church of the Nativity. In the evening they ascended the Mount of Olives, passing the Garden of Gethsemane. The ceremonial of opening the new German Church was performed on Monday. It would probably be the Emperor's last act at Jerusalem, before proceeding to Jericho, the Jordan, the Dead Sea, the Lake of Galilee, and Nazareth. It is rumoured that his Syrian tour will be shortened on account of European political affairs demanding an earlier return to Berlin. The total expenses of the Sultan's hospitality are reckoned at £750,000 sterling. On Oct. 31 the Emperor was greeted by the English Knights of St. John sent by the Prince of Wales. The following day the Emperor exchanged telegrams with the Pope, his Majesty having placed a parcel of ground at the disposal of his Catholic subjects.

REMARKABLE SALVAGE OF A STEAMER.

The steam-ship *Milwaukee*, owned by Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Co., of Liverpool, and one of the largest cargo-steamers afloat, sailed on the morning of Sept. 15 from the Tyne, bound for New Orleans, in ballast, and went ashore, when going full speed, on Cruden Scours, near Buchan Ness, Aberdeenshire, at 4 a.m. the next day. The representative of the Liverpool Underwriters, Captain Batchelor, was quickly on the spot with their salvage-steamer *Ranger*, and divers were sent down, who reported that there was a rock 30 ft. long standing up 8 ft. through the bottom of the vessel in the main hold. This decided Captain Batchelor to give up all idea of saving the whole vessel, and it was decided to cut the vessel at the after end of the main hatch, or some 50 ft. forward of the stokehold bulkhead, which remained intact and kept the after end quite free from water, this space including the engines and boilers. The severing was then commenced, and was done by means of charges of dynamite, each charge being spread over a length of from 4 ft. to 6 ft., the charges being varied in accordance with the thickness of steel to be cut, one specially troublesome plate taking no less than 140 lb. of dynamite to sever it. On Sunday, Oct. 2, after numerous difficulties, Captain Batchelor had the satisfaction to see the after end float off, leaving about 160 ft. of the forward end to be broken up by the winter seas. The after end was taken in tow by the *Ranger* and two smaller tugs, and proceeded to the Tyne, the engines in the vessel herself assisting by going slowly astern the whole way; and after a passage of about two days, arrived in the Tyne, where a new fore end will be built by the original constructors of the

vessel, C. S. Swan and Hunter, Limited. Captain Batchelor and all who were at the salving of the vessel speak in the highest terms of the manner in which the ship had been built and the way in which she stood the heavy strain to which she was subjected.

THE LATE LADY MARTIN.

Helen Faucit was a queenly figure on the stage of her day, while in private life the wife of Sir Theodore Martin was esteemed by all who knew her, Queen Victoria herself being one of her most ardent admirers for her domestic virtues. In fact, the real womanliness of her nature helped in a large measure her histrionic success. This quality was always notable in her acting; but coming of theatrical stock, and having a keen insight into character, she could on occasion relinquish the softer side of her own instincts and act *Lady Macbeth* with thrilling power. Her performance of this character so affected one writer that the impression made upon him "is never likely to be subdued, though another Siddons should arise." The regality of her air, overtopping the vicissitudes of her emotions; her suggestion of passion, more impressive than its full expression; the abandonment of her actions to her words; her queenly, though baleful, gaze; her domination over the conscience of her guilty partner; the fiery decisiveness of her adjurations, lent to the play such a significance as was given to *Hermione* in the eyes of Leontes when the wondrous shape, "masterly done, with the very warm life on her lips," took being, and moved." Her other great Shakespearian impersonations were *Juliet*, *Rosalind*,

distinction. She enjoyed the appointment of Reader to the Queen, and she was the author of some delightful criticisms on certain of Shakespear's female characters. Her death, after a long illness, took place at her residence in Wales, Bryntysilio, in the Vale of Llan-gollen, on Oct. 31.

OUR NAVAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give this week an interesting portrait group of the men in whose hands lies the work of our national defence. The Joint Committee (Naval and Military) of National Defence is composed of eleven members, all of tried ability in their various departments. The name and office of each member will be found upon the picture itself. In preparing the various portraits we were indebted to photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Elliott and Fry, Ellis, and Schultze. Our pictures of the *Terrible* also speak for themselves. She is a twin-screw cruiser of the first class, and carries on the traditions of an older *Terrible*, distinguished at St. Vincent in 1790, and in Hotham's victory in 1793. Her commander is Captain Charles G. Robinson.

THE RECENT TROUBLE IN CRETE.

The removing of the Turkish troops from Crete has been continued under the peremptory commands of the British, French, Italian, and Russian Admirals, and the Consuls at the different ports, to the great satisfaction of the Christian part of the Cretan people. On Sunday, in the whole island, there were about 3000 remaining, of whom 700 were at Candia, but they would all be gone at the end of this week. The Christians or Greeks, on the other hand, are required to give up their arms. Some of those who had fled to Greece are now returning home. Protection is equally afforded to the Mussulmans of Crete. Five Turks or Cretan Mohammedans at Candia were put to death on Saturday, convicted of taking part in the murderous attack on the British soldiers on Sept. 6, while four have been condemned to twenty years' penal servitude in Cyprus, and thirty-nine others sent to Canace for trial by the International Commission. Our Illustrations show various scenes of the trial. The group of four prisoners contains the rioters condemned for attacking the hospital, where our correspondent says they afterwards received any medical treatment they required. Some Bashi-Bazouks, he informs us, have now had the effrontery to come in also to have their wounds dressed.

"THE MANOEUVRES OF JANE."

Saturday night's audience at the Haymarket was perhaps a little unkind to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play. To him the English theatre owes its only modern comedies of manners, "*Rebellious Susan*" and "*The Liars*"; and as in those pieces so in "*The Manoeuvres of Jane*" may be found neatly turned dialogue, droll character-studies, diverting episodes, together with the prettiest love-scene the playwright has yet penned. Moreover, congratulations are due to Mr. Jones on quitting the hackneyed topic of marital misunderstandings and discussing instead the "revolting daughter" and the hardly used chaperon. And yet the malcontents were right. No amount of cleverness on the part of an author can really justify his spinning out a theme suitable for one, or at most two-act treatment, into the three hours' traffic of the average stage play. There are evidences, indeed, that when Mr. Jones set out to write what he meant should be a comedy, he was conscious of the thinness of his material, and deliberately eked out the action with farcical extravagances, tiresome detail, and loosely connected episodes. In his very first act the author shows his hand. There you find rebellious Jane, the terror of all her mistresses, handed over as a paying guest to a chaperon of excessive respectability, and intended to marry that lady's nephew, Lord Bapchild. There, too, you are introduced to Jane's clandestine lover, who has luckily just been engaged as steward by his Lordship; and finally there is presented to you Jane's artful and cynical girl-companion, who engages to absorb the owlish and solemn young lord's attention, only to entrap him into marriage. You see in advance the elopement of Jane. You anticipate grimly Constantia's comic wooing of the bashful lordling. But straightforward treatment would end the play an hour too early, so you have to listen first to a host of muddling and tiresome details about cross-country trains and tidal rivers, you are called on to endure an impossible chaperon's tedious pratings about propriety, and you must watch the curious plight of Constantia and her peer, carried out to sea by the tide, rescued him, shivering, and dishevelled by a kindly wave, and conducting in an old dame's cottage a courtship of the most wildly farcical character. All three people, the chaperon, the peer, the adventuress, are caricatures, and you weary of them long before the inevitable reconciliation, with needless complications and irrelevant dialogue, brings all to a close. Fun and frolic you may find in this episodic play, but scarcely compactness and sustained interest. As for the interpretation, it is sound enough. The most noticeable features are Miss Emery's high spirits and mutinous grace in the rôle of the manœuvring heroine, Mr. W. G. Elliott's vigorous representation of an explosive and much worried parent, and Miss Ferrar's realistic picture of an objectionable toddler child. But Mr. Cyril Maude's eccentric peer, Miss Kingston's mock-modest adventuress, Mr. Hallard's manly hero, and Miss Leclercq's *grande dame*—these are but repetitions of well-known performances. Perhaps Mr. Jones had been well advised had he been content himself to repeat former successes.

F. G. B.

Photograph by Lombardi.
THE LATE LADY MARTIN (HELEN FAUCIT).

PERSONAL.

Sir Alfred Milner, that most praised and most popular of mortal men, may have had just a pang or two in finding himself so far from Egypt and the Soudan at the time of the Sirdar's triumphing. But the memory of the send-off dinner given him when he went to South Africa, beating the record of all such festivities, would surely put him into spirits again by recalling to him the greatness of the task he has undertaken as Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa. Cape Colony does not sound so interesting as some other places do, and its history—Portuguese, Dutch, and British—though of some moment for the last five hundred years, has not the hold on English imaginations that is produced by the mere names of some other parts of our Empire. Cape Colony, however, is thought by many people to have a near future of eminence. Its fortifications are to be greatly increased; and by the telling-off for its service of men like Sir Alfred Milner and General Sir William Butler, the Home Government proves that it is prepared to foster any growth towards greater importance that the colony may itself display.

The late Rev. Alexander Wilson, who has been a Prebendary of St. Paul's since 1878, occupied a prominent position in the educational world. A Scot, Mr. Wilson was brought to London by Dr. Kay (afterwards Sir J. Kay-Shuttleworth) to be head of his projected model school for masters for Poor Law Schools at Norwood. His ability and success brought him under the favourable notice of the Archbishop of Canterbury and other influential members of the National Society. By these he was persuaded

to undertake the principalship of a Training College for Schoolmasters at Westminster, a post he filled successfully until the college was closed. He afterwards became Assistant Secretary and then Secretary of the National Society. Mr. Wilson was ordained in 1846, and laboured in St. Gabriel, Pimlico, and at Tottenham. He was eighty-four years of age.

Sir George Robertson, in his interesting book on the defence of Chitral, makes a notable suggestion with regard to the alarms in India about a Russian invasion. He says there is no reason to dread invasion; but in constantly harping on a danger which is not real, many writers have created a source of weakness for British rule in India by undermining the confidence of the natives in our strength.

France has lost her greatest decorative artist of these last days by the death of M. Puvis de Chavannes. An artist by temperament as well as by training and achievement, he was born at Lyons in 1826, and passed, in due course, into the studio of Couture. At Amiens, on the stairs of the Museum, they show you the first public work of importance executed by M. Puvis de Chavannes; and at Lyons, Poitiers, and Marseilles the record is continued. In the accessible Paris Pantheon, however, is he to be seen at his greatest in his series of scenes from the life of St. Geneviève. Always in affluent circumstances, M. Puvis de Chavannes had no need to do "pot-boilers." His best is what he always did, and it is the highest assurance of the continuance of his great fame.

Lord Salisbury has contributed an important expression of opinion to the controversy about Ritualism. "Nobody ought to have any office in the Church who is not prepared to stand by the Church of England Prayer Book as it is." There is nothing ambiguous about this.

The "might-have-beens" of history are generally desirable things, narrowly missed at the moment and mentioned afterwards with longing regrets. Equally volatile as these lamentations should be the rejoicings of people who have narrowly escaped undesirable experiences, and among these must be ranked the passengers of a Great Northern express in the early hours of last Saturday morning. By some oversight two heavily laden trucks got upon the main line at Peterborough at the very time when the express, racing northwards, was signalled to pass. The two shunters rushed to the signalman, who reversed his levers, and then ran along the line, waving red lanterns, to warn the express, which happily drew up just in time. There was a long delay, and no doubt the passengers grumbled, little knowing that they had been in imminent danger of a collision which must have resulted in many deaths.

Mr. W. C. Little, of Stags Holt, Cambridgeshire, who died on Oct. 20, was one of the most prominent agriculturists in the county. A native of Cambridgeshire, Mr. Little was sprung of an agricultural family which had been settled in the district for more than two centuries. At sixteen years of age he commenced farming on his father's farm, and in due time became a recognised expert in all matters agricultural. He served on many Royal Commissions connected with agricultural questions, and was for several years

Chairman of the Farmers' Club. The Commissions on which Mr. Little served were the Duke of Richmond's, the Markets, the Agricultural Labour, and the Royal. His last public service was his presentation of the case of agriculturists before the Local Taxation Commission. Mr. Little was sixty-four years of age.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught last week opened at Bracknell an exhibition to aid the funds of the Berkshire Hospital at Reading. Princess Henry of Battenberg at Aberdeen on Saturday opened a bazaar for the local Royal Hospital for Sick Children. The central building of the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth was opened by Sir W. Harcourt on Oct. 26.

M. Charles Dupuy, the new French Premier, has unpleasant associations with the Dreyfus case. He was

Prime Minister in 1894 when this horrible mystery began. M. Félix Faure and General Mercier were members of the same Cabinet. It was General Mercier who, acting without any consultation with his colleagues, procured the condemnation of Dreyfus upon secret documents. Four successive Ministers of War have striven to screen this illegality, but for which Dreyfus would have been acquitted. It will be remembered of M. Dupuy that he was President of the Chamber of Deputies when Vaillant threw a bomb from the gallery. In the midst of the confusion the calm voice of the President was heard saying, "Gentlemen, let us proceed with the business of the sitting."

The procedure of the Cour de Cassation is somewhat difficult for English readers to follow. What has happened is this. The Court has adopted the recommendations of M. Bard and M. Manau, the Public Prosecutor, and has decided to appoint a Commission of three judges to inquire into the Dreyfus case. The inquiry will be of the most searching kind, but will not, in itself, constitute revision. If the judges see fit to condemn the sentence passed by the court-martial, then revision will be ordered, and may take the shape of a new trial by a military tribunal. It is obvious that such a decision by the Supreme Court would be tantamount to a verdict of acquittal, and that a contrary judgment would lead to worse agitation.

Baron de Courcey, the Ambassador of France at the Court of St. James's, is, at this critical turn of affairs between France and England, the right man in the right place. He speaks English perfectly, and that acquirement, not so common as it ought to be among French statesmen, partly accounts for his large understanding of the British character and British aims. When he presided over the Behring Sea Arbitration in Paris, he won the admiration of all its members for his tact, his mastery of detail, and his broad grasp of affairs. These are qualities which Lord Salisbury cannot fail to appreciate at the present moment, and which must have their share of the credit for the pacific solution of difficulties greater than many about which nations have hitherto known the peace.



Photograph by Byrne and Co.

THE LATE MR. W. C. LITTLE.

A social event is likely to mark Baron de Courcey's occupancy of the Embassy at Albert Gate. The falling-in of the leases of some little houses hard by enables the French Government to carry out a long-cherished plan for the improvement of the quarters of its diplomatic representatives in London. Among other additions to the Embassy will be that of a ball-room—a statement which the wives and daughters of a large section of London society will hear with particular delight.

The organisers of the Hospital Saturday Fund, at their annual meeting on Saturday, had something to say of the discontinuance of the ladies' street collection. The Hospital Fund was increased by some £3000 by this method of raising money, but the committee valiantly discontinued it in consequence of the objections to which it was most justly open. The workshop collections are likely to improve in consequence during the year to the extent of £1000, and various expenses connected with the old system are saved; so that there is good reason to hope that the committee will not lose severely by its attempt to restore to the charity that dignity which was somewhat jostled and spattered on the pavements.

Sir John Sydney Webb, who was taken ill on board his yacht two or three weeks ago, died on Monday afternoon at his house,

Cross Deep, Twickenham.

Born in 1816, the

son of Admiral Charles Webb, he

began his con-

nection with the

Trinity House

just fifty years

ago as a Younger

Brother. He

became in due

time an Elder

Brother and a

Deputy Master.

He was created

K.C.M.G. in 1889,

and served for

some time on the

Thames Conserv-

ancy Board as

one of the two

representatives of

the Trinity House.

He was on the

Board of the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation,

and a J.P. and County Alderman for Middlesex. Sir Sydney

Webb, who married in 1849, had been a widower since 1851.

Another Passmore Edwards Public Library has been opened; this time in Cable Street, St. George's-in-the-East. Lord Russell of Killowen, performing the ceremony, made a confession "with shame," that the district in which he had lived for thirty years—the district of Marylebone—had tried many times to have a public library, and had always failed. Local option, it seems, is not always acceptable in its results. Anyway, the Lord Chief Justice, who this week enters his new house in South Kensington, ceases to have any lot or part in the misdeeds of the rate-payers of Marylebone.

At his residence, 19, Marloes Road, Kensington, has passed away the Right Hon. General Sir Edward Lugard.

Born in Chelsea

in 1810, this dis-

tinguished Indian

soldier was edu-

cated at Sand-

hurst, and went

at the early age of

eighteen to the

field of his future

fame. There he

rose rapidly, and

was Brigade-

Major during the

Afghan War of

1842, and Assis-

tant Adjutant-

General during the

Sikh War of

1845-46. For his

services, a little

later, in the

Punjab Cam-

paign he had his

C.B., winning his

K.C.B. in the

fifties, during the

Persian Expedi-

tion. Further work in

India brought him

a G.C.B. in 1867,

when he reached also the rank of Major-

General. He had been Permanent Under-Secretary for War

for ten years when, in 1870, he became President of the

Commission for the Abolition of Army Purchase. In 1880

he ceased to draw his salary of £2000, though he still con-

tinued to discharge many of the duties of the post; and

the rank of General and that of a Privy Councillor were

added to his long list of honours in due course.

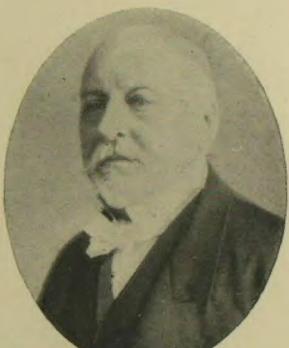
Mr. Maskelyne, the famous magician, has had to pay £500 to two young engineers who claimed to have discovered his box trick. They made a box in which it was possible to lock a man who, when the box was opened again, was found to have disappeared. Apparently this was precisely the same effect that Mr. Maskelyne has been exhibiting to a puzzled generation at the Egyptian Hall. He maintained that the new box was not like his box, but the jury found that as he had offered a reward of £500 to anybody who could find how the trick was done, he must pay the money. There is to be an appeal, and perhaps Mr. Maskelyne will eventually exhibit his box trick to the House of Lords!

In preparing our last week's Illustrations of our "Flag-ships and their Admirals," we were indebted for much courteous assistance to Commander Robinson, editor of the *Navy and Army Illustrated*.



Photograph by Mauil and Fox.

THE LATE SIR JOHN SYDNEY WEBB.



Photograph by Mauil and Fox.

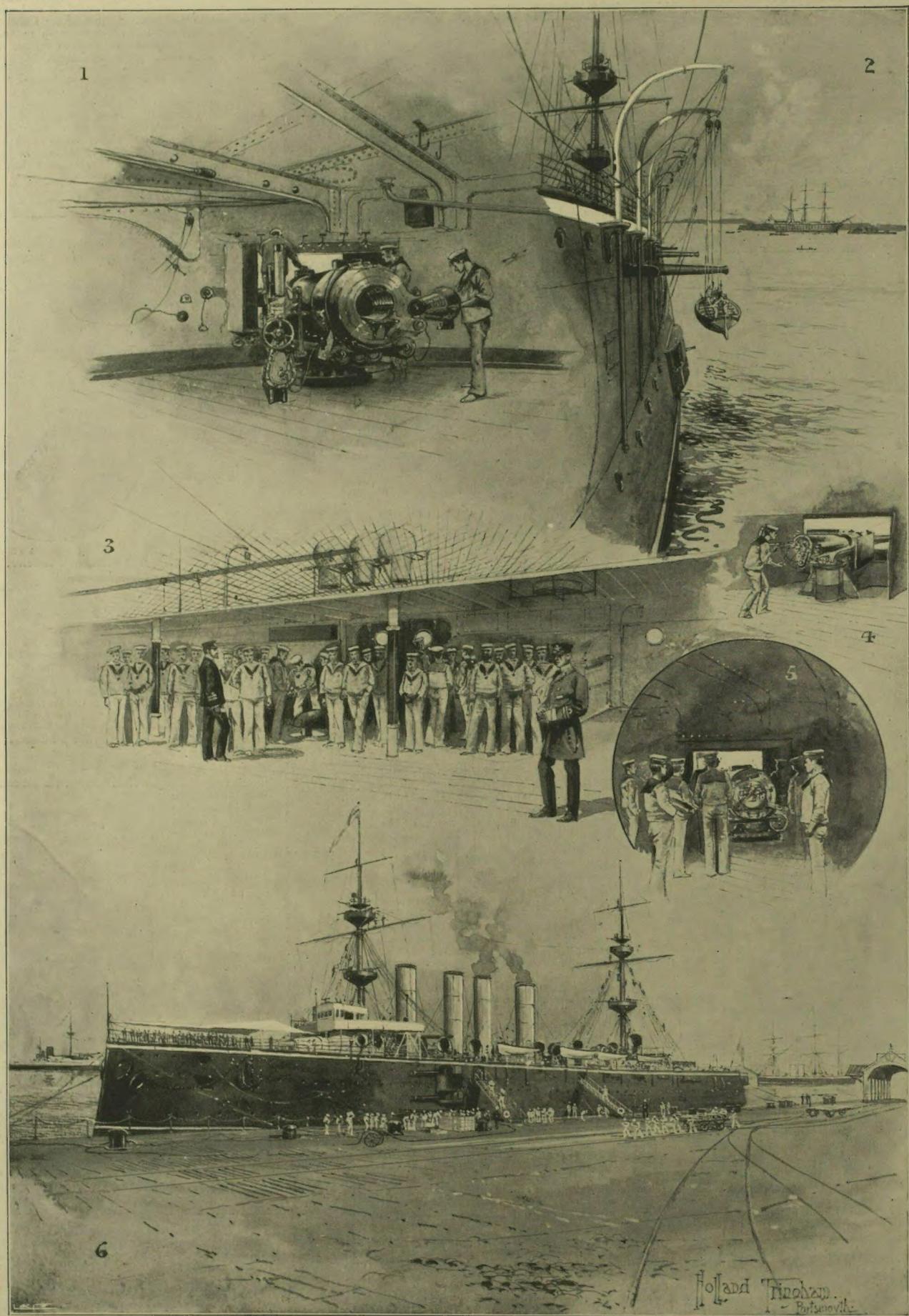
THE LATE GENERAL SIR EDWARD LUGARD.



Photograph by Besque, Paris.

BARON DE COURCEY,

French Ambassador at St. James's.



1. In a Casemate: Preparing a 6-inch Gun for Action.
2. "Up, Third Cutter!"

3. Mustering on Upp. r Deck: Both Watches Falling In.
4. Firing a 12-Pounder.

5. Practising with a 6-inch Gun: Cordite Ammunition.
6. Taking on Board Ammunition and Stores.

H.M.S. "TERRIBLE," 14,200 TONS, THE LARGEST CRUISER IN THE WORLD, PREPARING FOR WAR.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XI.

THE UNDERTAKERS.

The Reign of Terror inoculated Paris with a virus, the first symptom of which was an eruption of clubs. A hundred years later the city was again violently infected; the Third Empire poisoned Paris, and a fresh outbreak of clubs followed, aggravated by the declaration of war in July 1870. Now that the German armies were closing in on the city, the irresponsible mania for organising clubs increased to such an extent that, in certain quarters of Paris, every street had its club. And, of all the clubs organised to discuss politics or to combat political parties, the grimdest, the most sinister, the most thoroughly revolutionary, was the Undertakers' Club of Belleville.

In the beginning this club had been extremely Radical, but perfectly sane. It flickered into life with the birth of the Third Empire, blazed like a comet during the fusillades of the boulevards and the streets, and finally went out like a greasy candle, leaving a doubtful stench in the city. The flame, however, was relighted when Napoleon III. declared war against his good brother King William of Prussia; and when that mild and sentimental old monarch left his be-cabbaged estates to chastise his bad brother Napoleon, the Undertakers stirred in their slumbers.

The resurrection of the Undertakers was accomplished through three circumstances—the will of God, the Franco-Prussian War, and Jack Buckhurst.

Where Buckhurst came from, how he came, why he came, no one knew; but in a week he had all Belleville afame, clamouring for whatever he told it to clamour for. He walked into the Undertakers one evening; demanded an election, got it; demanded the privilege of the Tribune, got it; demanded a revision of the constitution, a ballot for new officers, a new watchword, a new policy, and got everything he demanded. Then with terrible vindictiveness he turned on the semi-sane minority, crushed it and drove it from the quarter; and, when denounced and accused by Carl Marx from his exile, he defied the International, and was overwhelmingly elected President of the Undertakers.

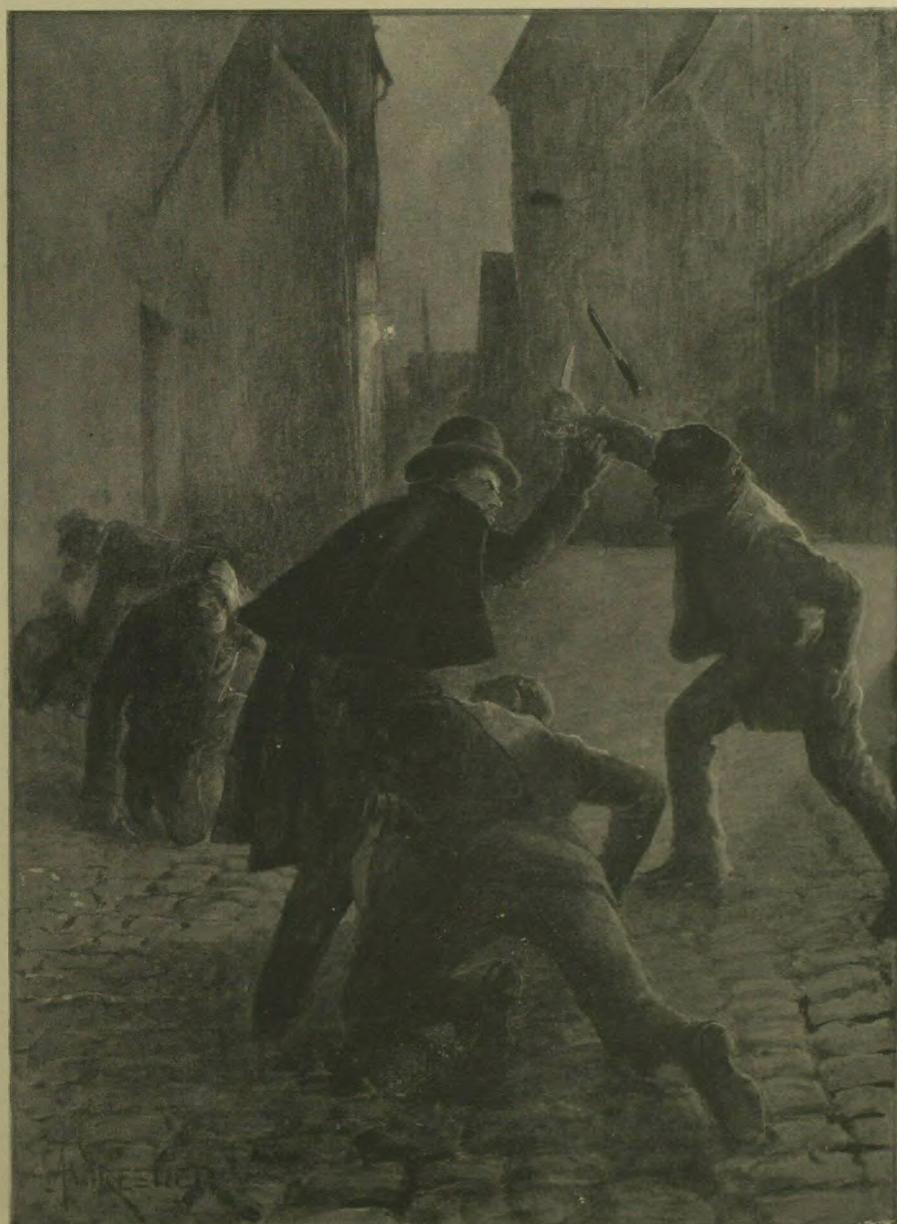
If the Undertakers had once been Radical, even Revolutionary, now it was of the Reds reddest. All the worst elements of Belleville entered into its composition; its walls rang with furious denunciations of all existing social order; its motto was *Disorder, Destruction, Death.*

If Buckhurst had not been the Devil's own prophet, if he had not foreseen what was to be, if he had not known, as surely as the sun rises, that the Commune was coming—coming inexorably after the brief war-cloud had blown clear of a humiliated nation—the Undertakers would never have lifted a finger to equip a battalion for the defence of Paris. But Buckhurst saw farther; he knew that every new marching battalion from Belleville meant, for him and his, a veteran reserve in time of need. His need would come when the Commune came. So when two organised battalions of the National Guard elected Flourens as their commandant, Buckhurst rose in the Tribune and called for volunteers to form a third battalion. He knew what he was doing—he crushed opposition and won his point; and the Undertakers fixed a night for the mustering of their battalion and a reception to Major Flourens. All this, of course, was contrary to law, military and civil; there was no such title as major in the National Guard, but the Government dared not offend Belleville at such a moment.

When Bourke and Harewood entered the hall, nobody apparently paid them the slightest attention. They slipped quietly upstairs to the wooden gallery, found a seat on the steps between the two aisles, and looked down at the tumult below. A thick fog of tobacco-smoke hung over

everything, through which the gas-jets burned with pale, thin, spear-like flames. High on the three seats of the Tribune, behind the pulpit-shaped desks, sat three men; on the right, Flourens, young, flushed,

handsome, his blue eyes dilated and nostrils fairly quivering with impatience; on the left sat Mortier, all body and bandy legs, with the eyes of a lunatic deep set under a high bald dome-like forehead. In the middle sat Buckhurst,



Dazed, he struggled to rise; a knife glimmered in the light of the lantern, falling swiftly towards him, only to be caught by another knife and sent whirling.

Harewood and Bourke leaned forward, with their eyes fixed on this incomprehensible international criminal. He sat there, his pale eyes set in a paler face, a man of forty, lithesome of movement, well proportioned, dainty of hand and foot. There was a hardness about his smooth-shaven face, yet each feature was well-nigh perfect, except his eyes. These were so pale in colour that in the gas-light they looked almost pearly.

The hall was packed with the Undertakers and their friends, sitting cheek by jowl around hundreds of little iron tables, sloshy with beer-dregs and the lees of cheap wine. Everybody was smoking, cheering, screeching, hammering beer-mugs on the tables. Women waved wine-glasses in the smoky glare; soldiers of the National Guard banged on the floor with bayonets and scabbards. Round the hall were draped red flags, alternating with hideous decorations, mostly emblems of death and the undertaker's profession. In the midst of the uproar half-a-dozen well-fed reporters sat writing at a long table which stood directly in front of the base of the Tribune. Their sleek ruddy faces, their well-groomed persons, silk hats, ivory-handled walking-sticks, and fat cigars tucked under waxed moustaches, presented a picture at once incongruous and reassuring. Oblivious of the crowd, the stench, the furious fulminations from militant anarchists denouncing everything, including the Maker of everything, these reporters scribbled away at their pads, sharpened pencils, or flicked the ashes from good cigars, under the very noses, in the very faces of the most irresponsible crowd of ruffians that ever gathered to encourage each other's criminal instincts. Mortier began to speak, rising on his crooked legs, his long throat swathed in a red handkerchief. Under the grotesque dome of his bald forehead his villainous face contracted till the scrubby beard bristled. When he opened the black cavern of his mouth, a single tooth broke the monotony of his grinning gums.

He spoke for a long time, his piercing voice splitting the choked atmosphere till the crowd howled again and the dreadful tumult broke back from the echoing rafters into a very hell of sound. Flourens followed, speaking at first earnestly, then with frightful impetuosity. He leaped to the platform before his desk, and stretched out his arm; every movement set the gas-light glittering over the gilded arabesques on his uniform. The crowd roared, mad with exultation.

Then Buckhurst rose. At the first word a hush fell over the hall; his voice was placid, passionless, cool and grateful as summer showers.

"Citizens," he said, "you have organised your battalion; you have added your voices to the voices of the other two battalions; a legion has been formed; Major Flourens is your leader. The Government says that he is not. We differ from the Government; we expect to differ more seriously still, when the time comes. At present we can afford to wait. But a time is very near when orders that come from the Palais Bourbon will be countermanded by orders issued from the Hôtel de Ville. The Undertakers need a larger hall—the Hôtel de Ville is not too large." The frantic cheering checked him for a moment. Then he resumed—"For a time it is best that we go to the ramparts, that we fight the Prussians under the tricolour. That is policy, for the moment. But—polices change; so do flags; so does what is now called patriotism. Citizen Mortier has reminded you that universal brotherhood is not compatible with patriotism, that the red flag of revolt is the universal banner of human brotherhood, that there is nobler game for your rifle-bullets than the hearts of battle-driven peasants, who, although Prussians, are your brothers and your comrades in arms against the wealth of all the world. It is well to bear this in mind, and to wait. And now, as you have elected Major Flourens chief of the new legion, and as you have elected me commandant of your battalion, I ask you for the privilege of naming to you two of my fellow countrymen for election as captains in the third battalion."

"Name them! Name them!" shouted the crowd.

Bourke leaned over the balcony, clutching Harewood's arm. "By Heaven!" he whispered, "do you see whom he's going to name?" Harewood, mute with astonishment, stared down at the platform where two men had mounted from the crowded floor and now stood facing Buckhurst. The two men were Speyer and Stauffer.

Amid a whirlwind of applause their names were presented and accepted. Buckhurst administered the oath; Flourens dramatically returned their salutes; Mortier, his ape-like face stained a dull red with excitement, sat behind his desk, on which lay a pile of red cockades, his little insane eyes flashing as Speyer and Stauffer marched up to be invested with the badge of anarchy. The crowd howled; drums and bugles crashed out; the meeting was at an end. Suddenly, in the midst of the tumult, Harewood felt that somebody on the swarming floor below was looking straight up at him. He turned his head uneasily and Buckhurst's colourless eyes met his own. For a full minute they gazed silently at each other across that reeking chaos; the noise died away in Harewood's ears; he only heard a clear penetrating voice repeating, "Silence, silence if you please, gentlemen," and Buckhurst, with his eyes still fixed on him, touched Speyer on the elbow. Stauffer too was looking up now. Speyer had turned livid when he saw Harewood.

"Come," muttered Bourke, "we might as well get out of this"; and he moved toward the staircase, Harewood following. As they reached the last step and started to push through the crowded doors, a hand fell lightly on Harewood's shoulder; Buckhurst stood beside him. The involuntary start that he gave communicated itself to Bourke, who also turned to confront Speyer and Stauffer.

"Gentlemen," said Buckhurst, speaking in English, "your faces are familiar to me. Captain Speyer tells me that you are New York reporters. Do you know me?"

"Yes," replied Harewood sullenly.

Buckhurst's pale eyes stole round to Bourke, then returned directly to Harewood. "Of course," he said quietly, "if you cable anything unpleasant about me I'll have your throat cut."

Harewood began to move again toward the door, but Speyer jerked him back, saying savagely, "Listen, do you hear!" and Buckhurst added quietly, "You'd better listen."

If Bourke had not gripped Harewood's arm in time, Speyer's face would have suffered. With clenched fists

Harewood pushed toward him. Buckhurst flung him back, showing his teeth slightly, his face distorted with that ghastly smile that none who had ever seen it could forget. "If you cable for my extradition," he said, "I'll cut your throat as a spy."

"Spy?" stammered Harewood furiously.

"Yes, an imperial spy, who aided the Empress to escape from the Tuilleries. You fool, don't you think I know? You and your comrade and two women named Chalais—you aided the Empress."

Harewood was dumb; Bourke stared at Speyer, who sneered in his face. "You want a witness?" he said. "I am the witness."

Buckhurst turned fiercely on Bourke. "Look out!" he whispered. "Don't try any of your cursed newspaper tricks on me. The Government last night decreed the expulsion of every dissolute woman from Paris during the siege; and if you give me any trouble, I'll set the police on your charming little Chalais girls."

Harewood struggled to strike him. Buckhurst faced him, one hand in his coat-pocket. "I've got a pistol in my pocket," he said; "it covers you. If it wasn't that I don't want a row that might lead to an investigation, I'd shoot you now. Stand back! Get out here and keep your mouth shut, or I'll let the whole hall trample your face into the floor!"

Harewood, white to the lips, jostled by the crowd pouring through the doors, strove to keep his position in front of Buckhurst. He looked into the pale, merciless eyes; he saw the outline of the levelled pistol in the pocket of Buckhurst's coat. He saw, too, suspicious faces peering at him from the passing crowd, dark, sullen eyes, burning with the smouldering fire of frenzy. Speyer sneered at him; Stauffer's weak blond face relaxed into an insulting smile.

"Come," muttered Bourke, "there is nothing to do, and he laid his hand on Harewood's arm.

"No," said Harewood aloud, "there is nothing to do now."

Buckhurst heard; his thin lips receded again, showing an edge of snow-white teeth. "Neither now nor later," he said softly. "Leave this hall."

Speyer added: "If you give us any trouble, the Governor of Paris shall know how the Empress escaped. And you can take yourself out of the Rue d'Ypres too, bag and baggage and women."

Bourke had dragged Harewood back to the door, repeating in a whisper: "For God's sake, Jim, let them alone, let them alone!"

Buckhurst followed slowly. Speyer at his elbow, Stauffer in the rear. Behind them the lights were being turned out in the empty hall; in the dark street outside, the foul pavements, wet with an autumn shower, reflected the flickering flame of a single lamp-post.

Bourke, still keeping his hold on Harewood, passed out into the street. The night was appalling in its fathomless blackness; the leaves on an unseen tree stirred somewhere above them. "They've followed us," whispered Bourke, straining his eyes back to the black, gaping door of the hall. "Listen, Jim."

The silence was absolute. Down the street, the single gas-jet burned uncertainly, now flaring up into a yellow patch of light, now sinking to a blue spark.

Suddenly Harewood felt the haunting presence of something that he neither saw nor heard; it was close to him, in the shadow, moving nearer. Then the darkness seemed to part before his eyes, a shaft of flame singed his brow, and the narrow street resounded with the crack of a pistol-shot. Instantly he struck out, and struck again, solidly, knowing that it was Buckhurst who had received the blow full in the face. Somebody slid the shutter from a lantern; he caught a glimpse of Bourke knocking Stauffer into the gutter, of Buckhurst, his white face soiled with blood, groping on the pavement for his revolver, of Speyer swinging his arm for a blow. The blow was for Harewood himself; it caught him fairly on the neck and knocked him flat. Dazed, he struggled to rise; a knee pressed him back, a knife glimmered in the light of the lantern, falling swiftly toward him, only to be caught by another knife and sent whirling. And now he was on his feet again, and again the blinding flash of a pistol dazzled him, half revealing a swarm of dark hurrying figures closing in around them. It revealed something else, too—the hard face of the Mouse, starting from the shadows at his elbow.

"This way, Monsieur," muttered the Mouse; "hold to my arm."

A lantern fell violently on to the pavement, rolled round and went out, leaving a stench of petroleum in the air. There was a sudden rush, a collision, angry panting voices, the dull sound of blows, a shrill cry, "The police!" Harewood, running through the darkness, one hand on the Mouse's arm, turned sharply with his guide into a broader street, lighted by a dozen lamps. At the same instant Bourke rounded the opposite corner and met them face to face. For a minute they stood there, breathless, listening to the distant shouting and trampling that gradually grew duller, as though the affray had almost subsided.

"Mince!" said the Mouse, thrusting his tongue into the corner of his cheek and holding up a broad-bladed knife; "I was just in time, eh, Monsieur?" He shuffled his feet reflectively, glanced at Bourke, shrugged his shoulders and laughed, nodding half patronisingly when Harewood began to thank him. "Bah, that is nothing, my friend! There are miracles in Belleville, when the Mouse patters through the dark. Besides, the four winds blow for nothing, but it costs money to live."

"Come to the Rue d'Ypres to-morrow," said Harewood soberly, "and the four winds will blow you something beside air."

"At your service," said the Mouse with impudent condescension; "and, Messieurs, I have the honour—"

He bowed with exaggerated politeness, turned on his ragged heel, and slouched off into the night.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

When Harewood and Bourke entered the Rue d'Ypres, a thin rain was falling, driven by sudden little volleys of wind that grew colder and more violent as the rain

thickened. They stood for a moment looking out into the black void beyond the ramparts. There was nothing to see, not a star, not a sentry, nothing but quivering sheets of rain slanting across dim signal lamps set low on the bastions.

Bourke unlocked the door noiselessly. Harewood followed him upstairs and into his own bed-room; and, as he struck a match and lighted the lamp, he felt sudden ease, a sense of home-coming, something he had not known for months. Bourke answered his unspoken thoughts: "Yes, it is very pleasant to get back, Jim. I think I'll turn in directly."

Harewood sat down on the bed; his glance wandered around the lamp-lit room, resting finally on the windows. "Somebody has filled the window-frames with oiled paper," he said listlessly; "do you suppose the Prophet shattered the glass?"

"Probably," said Bourke.

The rain rattled on the oiled paper; gust after gust set it crackling and bulging inward. Bourke moved aimlessly toward the door, halted, returned, and leaned on the foot-board of the bed.

"What are you going to do?" he asked wearily.

"About Buckhurst?"

"Yes."

"I don't know."

After a minute of silence Bourke resumed: "I'd cable in a moment if it wasn't for the threat he made about the girls." Harewood's face grew red, but he did not look up. "General Trochu is a strange man," continued Bourke. "If those blackguards should denounce Yolette and Hildé, and bring a lot of ruffians to swear to anything, who can tell what might happen?"

"You mean that the Governor might expel them, under the law covering the temporary expulsion of dissolute women?" demanded Harewood with an effort.

"Yes," replied Bourke, "that's what I mean." Again a silence ensued, broken again by Bourke. "As for Buckhurst's threat to cut our throats, of course that bothers neither of us; at least, it wouldn't prevent our cabling. But I shall not cable, now, and risk ruining the lives of these two girls."

"No," said Harewood, "we cannot do that." Then he looked up, his face so transformed with hate that Bourke involuntarily recoiled. "Cecil," he whispered, "if they ever trouble Hildé I'll kill them both—I'll kill them both, when and where I can!" Bourke did not reply, and gradually the fierce hate faded from Harewood's face. "You see, they've got us, Cecil," he went on more quietly. "Don't you remember meeting Speyer in the crowd when we were watching the Tuilleries? Of course, he saw us when Hildé and Yolette gave up the cab to the Empress. I suppose he can annoy us if he tries, and I'm sure he's going to try."

"It's curious," reflected Bourke, "how anxious he and Stauffer seem to be to get us out of this house. And their returning the other day to re-engage rooms is queer, too. What do you suppose they want?"

Harewood rose suddenly and began to walk up and down, his hands clasped behind his back. Presently he halted before his comrade, looking him straight in the eye. "Do you know what I think? I believe Speyer is a German Spy."

"Eh, a spy?" repeated Bourke blankly.

"Yes, a spy. Why did he enlist in a Belleville battalion? Do war correspondents do that? Why is he fawning and flattering the Belleville revolutionists? To get news for his miserable German-American sheet? Not much; war-news is more important to Americans than a report of Anarchist squabbles in the slums of Paris. I'll tell you why he's clinging to Buckhurst and Flourens: he's a paid emissary of Bismarck, hired to stir up internal strife in Paris while the Germans pound the forts to bits outside. And I'll bet you, Cecil, that he never was anything but a spy. What has he done for his paper in New York? Nothing. Its columns are filled with stolen despatches and special work from all the other papers. Speyer is a spy; he has corrupted Stauffer too. As for Buckhurst, I believe he's only a criminal who gives his life to Anarchy just now because he believes there's something in it for himself. That is my theory." Bourke stood by the bed, eagerly attentive, acquiescing with nods and gestures as Harewood proceeded. "He tried to stab me there in the street when I was down; he had his knee on my chest; if it hadn't been for the Mouse I don't know—I don't know, Cecil—but I think he meant to cut my throat." He looked up into Bourke's face soberly, beginning for the first time to realise his recent danger. "The Mouse is a grateful beast after all," he continued. "I never thought anything about bread cast upon the waters, you know."

"Cast more," said Bourke seriously; "it's a good scheme, Jim." Opening the door, he added: "We'll cable nothing about Buckhurst for the present. Good-night; I'm fit for sleep, I think."

"Good-night," replied Harewood absently.

After Bourke had gone away, he sat for a while on his bed, listening to the drumming of rain-drops on the paper window-panes. He thought he could sleep, but when he lay among the chilly sheets, his lids remained open in the dark. It was Buckhurst's colourless eyes that haunted him, that, and the memory of the pistol-flash, the momentary impression of Buckhurst's ashen face, streaked with blood, as he groped on the pavement for the pistol. The blood? That had been his doing. Twice he had struck Buckhurst heavily between those pale eyes; and, as he lay there, he knew that this dreaded criminal would never forget, never rest, until he had satisfied a criminal's ruling passion—revenge.

Resting motionless among his pillows, he heard the wind rising in the night, heard the sudden creak and swing of storm-shaken shutters, the swelling monotone of the rain. It seemed to beat on his heart; he felt the harmony of the million drops, the swift shafts of wind-swept rain blowing over vast valleys, over hills and plains, and the ruffled surface of unseen rivers. He wondered whether the Prussians were very near, how soon their black shells would come moaning and whistling over the city. That very morning he had read the Government bulletins, warning the inhabitants of Paris to prepare for the bombardment by placing valuables in the cellar, installing barrels of

water on roof and landings to fight fire, and particularly to take up all the paving-stones, in order to lessen the effects of exploding shells. He himself had seen workmen stuffing the windows and balconies of the Louvre with bedding and mattresses; he had seen the Arc de Triomphe swathed and padded for protection against shot and shell. How soon would the Germans arrive? Which way would they come—from the north or from the east?

Outside, the storm was subsiding; a cooler current of air swept across his face; the beat of rain on frame and sill ceased, leaving dropping echoes from rain-pipe and eaves. As the wind freshened the dripping gutters grew silent; the sighing of the wind through wet leaves filled the room. And now he could see the shadows of moving branches outlined on the window, where long shafts of silvery moonlight fell athwart the ledge, turning the oiled paper to sheets of palest gilt.

He could not sleep; he crept from the warm bed to the window and opened it a little way. Vast masses of silvery clouds swept away into the north, trailing in their wake flecks and fleecy tatters. In the midnight velvet of the sky rare stars twinkled like diamonds, dimmed by the white lamp of the moon. The black ramparts, sharp cut against the sky, stretched out their angles east and west; the crimson and sapphires lanterns glittered like gems, staining the wet pavements with their colours. Over the bastion the Prophet rose, detached from the massed ramparts, a colossal shape printed black against the horizon.

Even the wind was subsiding now, leaving a clear fresh odour of distant winter in the air. The moon, too, sparkled

there she lay, faint with the sweetest happiness life holds for maid or man.

As for the man she loved, he went blindly up the dusky stairs, groping for his comrade's door. And he entered and sat by his sleeping friend.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SOUL OF YOLETTE.

Bourke awoke with a start, his ears ringing in a din so sudden, so frightful, that for a moment he lay half stupefied among his pillows. Under his feet, shock upon shock, the earthquake rocked the house; the windows shook and clattered as the cannon's lightning, blast after blast, split the keen air of dawn.

He saw Harewood at the window, beckoning him to come, and he went, shivering and stumbling in the morning chill.

"The forts," motioned Harewood with his lips; "look! There's hell to pay!"

Fur across the shrouded country in the pale dawn five dim forts towered crowned with clouds, and through the clouds, heaving, rolling, floating, darted sudden spurs of flame, swift crimson flashes playing under the canopy of smoke. The great Fort of Issy steamed from every embrasure; Vanves roared like a volcano; from Mont-rouge, Ivry, Bicêtre, peal upon peal the reverberations rolled, until the humming air, surcharged and overstrained with sound, dinned in the ears with muffled echoes that set the sickened senses swimming.

And now it seemed as if the wind had changed; the

last," he said. Bourke nodded. After a silence Harewood burst out again: "I wish to Heaven we were out of this!"

"What's that?" asked the other sharply.

But Harewood turned away wearily, saying: "You can't understand—never mind—I wish I were—I wish I were—"

"What?" demanded Bourke.

"Dead," snapped Harewood sulkily, and went out of the room.

"What's the matter with him now?" mused the other, closing the window and entering his own bed-room.

When Bourke had dressed and gone down into the dining-room, he found Yvette sitting alone at the table. She looked up as he entered; there were traces of tears in her eyes. "It is foolish," she said, smiling; "the cannon have frightened us. Hilde will not leave her room. I carried chocolate to her, but she will not even open her door. Has the siege begun?"

"I think it has," said Bourke lightly; "perhaps it will be more noise than anything else. Where is Monsieur Harewood?"

"He has gone to the city; he would eat nothing. Are you also going to the city?"

"Yes," said Bourke.

They finished breakfast in silence. Yvette's blue eyes were half raised from time to time, but Bourke's eyes were on his plate. Before he rose he looked up absently: something in the swift drop of Yvette's clear eyes arrested his own. A light colour touched his cheeks and temples: he



Bourke lunched on the ramparts, surveying the scene with cool optimistic eyes

with a wintry radiance, till the stars went out in its white lustre. Harewood leaned from the window-ledge, scarcely breathing; for the beauty of the night was upon him and upon his soul was a spell. He did not know it; he knelt heavily in the moonlight, with dreaming eyes and his chin on his clasped hands. For him the breath of war was far away; alarms, rumours, the dull discontent of expectancy—all had vanished in this placid shadow-world, passionless, unreal as a pale sweet vision.

And so, pensive, dreaming, he rose and moved about, unconscious that he was dressing, unconscious why he passed through the door and down the dusky stairs, deeper, deeper into the silent house. At last he stood before a closed door at which he had not knocked. It opened silently and he went in.

Moonlight silvered everything, the white bed, the curtains clustered overhead, the polished image of the saint smiling her set smile through the shadows; but Hilde's hair, clouding brow and neck, veiled her pale face in a shower of silk and gold.

They did not speak; she stood silent and white before the saint; he knelt beside her, holding her hand against his eyes.

The door swung softly to, and closed. A clock ticked through the silence; after a long time the weights slid creaking, and an hour struck. There was an imperceptible movement of the hand he held pressed to his eyes, a soft stir of a faintly fragrant garment, delicate as lace. When he stood up she was waiting; he held her waist imprisoned now, and her silky head; she put both arms around his neck.

When he passed again through the door the perfume of her lips on his, she sank before the corner, where, in the meshed moonlight, Ste. Hilde of Carhaix smiled. And

thunder blew clear of the city as clouds blow before a gale. There was a sudden silence, filled almost instantly by a roar from the street in front of the house, the shrill, frenzied howl of a mob, "The Prussians!"

Harewood ran back into his own room and looked out into the street. It was choked with people—men, women, children, swarming up over the ramparts, shouting, screaming, gesticulating, pointing. Officers stood out against the sky on the bastion, the rising sun warming their crimson caps and striking dazzling sparks from their brass-tipped field-glasses. Drums were beating everywhere, down by the Porte Rouge, in the parade of the Prince Murat Barracks, on every bastion, in every guard-house. The battalions filed at the double from their barracks; the gunners of the Prophet clustered over the epaulment and glacis, scanning the distant hills toward Viroflay, Vélyzé, and the plateau of Châtillon.

Up in the window Bourke knelt, his field-glasses fixed on a hillside below Chaville, where a single horseman stood, immovable. The horseman was a Prussian Uhlan.

Presently Harewood's glass brought more Uhlan into focus. "Cecil," he muttered, "they're right this time. The Prussians are here."

It was true; the first Uhlan had appeared near Versailles like buzzards above a wounded thing. When the rest arrived they would sit around, patiently waiting for the end of the city lying at their feet.

"There's the devil to pay at the Point du Jour too, if anybody should ask you," observed Bourke, shivering in his nightshirt. "The gun-boats are firing—look—do you see?"

"I see," replied Harewood quietly. He turned with a sudden gesture. "The siege of Paris has begun at

made an unconscious movement to rise and go—the first instinct of a prosaic man who surprises the soul in a woman's eyes.

She made no movement; the white window-curtains behind her stirred in the morning wind. In such circumstances, it takes a truly prosaic man ten seconds to make up his mind that he is mistaken; eight seconds were sufficient for Bourke. He slid into his chair, looked at Yvette, and swallowed his coffee with serious satisfaction. "I suppose," he said, "that Monsieur Harewood has gone to the telegraph office?"

"I don't know," said Yvette without raising her eyes.

"Does anything trouble you?" he asked. He had no tact.

Yvette looked up, confused, pink with resentment.

"Yvette, of course not, Monsieur Bourke!"

Vaguely uneasy, he stood up as she rose. He was aware that something threatened to change existing conditions. There was a sense of expectancy already developing in his own mind—a mental attitude of preparation for something or other that began to disturb him. He looked curiously at Yvette; he noted the white neck, the silken blue-black hair, the eyes fringed deeply with the same colour.

"I am going," said Yvette, "to see Schéhérazade. If she bites me, I shall be very unhappy."

"Bite you!" repeated Bourke.

"Yes; the poor darling is almost out of her senses with the cannonade. She is so frightened! She runs round and round the garden, and slinks close to the ground, and snarls dreadfully."

As Yvette spoke, she walked toward the garden-door, and Bourke followed. He would not allow her to precede him into the garden, and when they stood together at the

foot, he unconsciously placed his hand on her arm and stepped in front.

"Let me go and call her," said Yolette, moving forward across the grass; but he drew her back with a sudden decision that surprised her. It surprised him, too, to find that his natural solicitude for her amounted to sheer fright.

"Monsieur," she said, "I am not afraid of my own lion." There was something beside mutiny in her blue eyes as she moved forward again, only to be firmly detained by Bourke's sun-browned hand. "I cannot let you do that," he said. "Call her from here."

"Monsieur Bourke!"

"Don't go," he said beseechingly.

Is it possible that Yolette enjoyed his consternation? There was a little thrill in her breast, and a quiver in her clear voice, as she repeated: "Monsieur Bourke, you will certainly not detain me."

"Yes, I will," he replied. "I am not going to see you clutched by a frightened lioness, and you must stay here."

The flush of revolt died in her eyes; there was contentment in her heart and acquiescence, too; and something more that made the smile on her lips so exquisite that Bourke's hand fell from her arm, and again the impulse seized him to go away somewhere with moderate haste.

"Schéhérazade! Schéhérazade!" she called, holding out her arms in the sunlight. There was no response. "Schéhérazade! Schéhérazade!" The tangled thicket of roses and briar-bushes moved slightly.

"She's in there," said Bourke. He walked out among the trees, calling to the lioness. Presently he saw her, crouching close to the ground under an acacia bush. But that was not all: on the ground beside her knelt Hildé, with both arms round the lion's neck. When she saw Bourke she hid her face on Schéhérazade's tawny shoulder.

"Why, Hildé," he said, "what on earth are you hiding out here for?"

"Hildé," cried Yolette, coming up, "be careful, my darling! Schéhérazade growled at me this morning."

Hildé stood up and answered, looking down at the lion: "I am not afraid." She drew the lioness to her feet beside her; then, without glancing at Yolette or Bourke, she added: "I shall take her to my room. If you go in, she won't be afraid." Slowly she drew the lioness towards the house, never looking up at her sister or at Bourke, until they reached the door. There she met Bourke's puzzled gaze, turned, smiled at her sister, and passed into the house leading the cowering lioness.

The day passed quickly for Bourke. He prowled around the ramparts by the Point du Jour until luncheon, scribbling notes and bits of half-caught gossip from the swarms of officers who were watching the Prussians with a fascination approaching hypnotism. There was not much to see: a column of smoke here and there—nothing more except a rare Uhlan, a tiny speck on some distant height; the forts of the north and east were silent; the forts of the south were steadily cannonading the distant woods, blue and hazy under the veiled sunshine. Now and then a great gun bellowed from the Viaduct, clouding the bastions with billowy mist, beneath which the Seine frothed and sparkled in the wake of some river gun-boat, ploughing its way under the white arches of masonry.

On every height, on every tower and dome and terrace, people clustered to stare at the hills where the Prussians lay. The Buttes Chaumont, the hill of Montmartre, the Trocadero, the Viaduct, were black with people. Ladies in carriages surrounded the Arc de Triomphe, and a gaily dressed crowd clustered on the top of the arch. It was really so amusing to watch the shell's tall curve, to see the cloudy explosion shot with lightning, to watch the shredded vapours float away white as fleecy wool; it was a new sensation and a thrilling one to know that those shells were aimed at men hiding among the blue woods and hills. And so the glittering carriages flashed past through the trees, and the gay sunshades and bonnets and scarves brightened the autumn greys and greens of the Bois de Boulogne, until the brilliant city seemed to be *en fête*, and the soft thunder of the guns but a *feu de joie* announcing the triumphs of peace and of the brotherhood of man.

Bourke lunched on the ramparts, surveying the scene with cool optimistic eyes. "The Prussians will never get in," he mused, as he munched his bread; "there will be an assault or two and then a sortie, and nobody can see the end of the war yet."

In the early afternoon he sent his despatches by way of Bordeaux, for the northern and western wires were not working, and about three o'clock he strolled homeward, wondering where Harewood had spent the day. There was nobody to be seen excepting Red Riding-Hood when he entered the house. "I think," she said, "that Mademoiselle Hildé has gone to market with Mademoiselle Yolette."

"And Monsieur Harewood?"

"He is lying down in his room."

Bourke looked pleasantly at the child; he wished to say something kind and cheerful, but he did not know how. He realised this and it embarrassed him. It was always so with children; his awkwardness stifled his affection. "You are washing—er—dishes?" he inquired.

"I am," replied Red Riding-Hood serenely. The fact was as obvious as Bourke's confusion.

"Here," he said desperately, "are some *bon-bons*"; and he solemnly presented the child with a package tied up in red ribbon.

Red Riding-Hood thanked him gravely, untied the parcel, retied the scarlet bit of ribbon in her tangled black locks, and came up to him holding out the sweetmeats.

"Take one," she said. Bourke obediently took a chocolate drop and placed it in his mouth. Red Riding-Hood did likewise.

"Now," she said, "I will return to my dishes. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," he repeated, understanding that the audience was at end.

Upstairs he found Harewood lying on his bed. "Hullo, Jim, out of sorts?" he asked amiably.

"No," said Harewood, without looking up.

Bourke sat down on the bed. "Sent your despatches?"

"Yes."

"I sent mine too. Well, the Prussians are here at

"Not Speyer!" exclaimed Bourke.

"Yes, it was Speyer."

They looked at each other significantly. Bourke began to pace the floor. "I foresee what's coming," he said bitterly. "Buckhurst and Speyer are going to nag us and irritate us until we do something for which they can denounce us. Buckhurst fears us because we know his record; Speyer wants to get into this house because it's the ideal headquarters for a spy. They are both working for the same end."

"I think," said Harewood, tightening his clasp about his knee, "that Speyer is the centre of the whole spy-system in Paris. Shall I tell you why? Listen, Cecil! When he came to find out whether we had unpaved the court—and incidentally to discover whatever he could to our detriment—I luckily had just finished piling up the flag-stones and piling them against the wall. He was in uniform—the uniform of a Belleville staff-captain; he spoke to me and looked me in the face as though he had never before seen me; and all the time I was eyeing the mark my riding-whip had left across his face. He came into the house; I dared not strike him—his uniform, you know—that would have been fatal, fatal to us all. It was not until he went that he said anything important; but, as he left by the same steps down which I knocked him a few

nights ago, he stopped and said—

"Take my advice, and get out of this house before you're kicked out!" Bourke's face crimsoned; he stood stock-still in the middle of the floor. "I replied," continued Harewood, "that in the event of a frost in hell I would leave, and not before; I also pointed out that, uniform or no uniform, I'd twist his head off his shoulders if he ever came back." Harewood had risen while speaking, and now he also began to pace the floor. "You see, Cecil," he continued, "that I've committed us all; but I mean it. We can't stay here, with these Belleville ruffians free to enter the house when the whim strikes them, free to billet their fellow cut-throats here—perhaps Speyer, perhaps Buckhurst himself. And I tell you if any man—soldier or civilian—offers a word, a look at Hildé, I'll fling him through the window!"

"Of course," said Bourke quietly.

Harewood, nervous and flushed, sat down on the bed again. "I fear it's coming," he said; "I fear we shall all be obliged to leave. They have the whip-hand; if they denounce Hildé and Yolette for aiding the Empress—if they denounce them on a more dreadful charge—who is to help them? Not you, not I. Trochu will listen to his soldier-police, not to us. Think of the horrible shock to those young girls; think of their helplessness! Suppose Speyer should swear to the lies he threatens them with? He is a staff-captain; he once lodged here; he has a lying witness in Stauffer. Would it help matters if I should shoot Speyer down in the street, in the house, in the witness-box itself? This thing is like a nightmare to me, Cecil."

"Do you mean to say," burst out Bourke, "that they would not listen to you, that they would not believe you—you who can swear that Hildé is the sweetest, purest woman on earth—the woman, Jim, the woman you love?"

Harewood turned deathly pale. "The woman—the woman I love?" he repeated.

"Do you not love her?" demanded Bourke sternly. Still Harewood's white face was turned to his silence. "Answer me," said Bourke, stepping nearer.

As he spoke a vision of Yolette flashed before him. He saw her blue eyes fixed on his own; he saw her hair, the quiet, pure brow. And suddenly he understood that it was Yolette, it was for Yolette that he spoke, and it was for himself too, for he loved her. The sudden illumination, the surprise, the emotion, the revelation of a secret unsuspected, the undreamed-of secret of his own heart, staggered him.

Harewood, gazing blankly at him, saw nothing but a parting of his comrade's lips, a dilation of his eyes, a brusque movement of chest and head.

After a moment Bourke continued: "I thought you loved Hildé; I only asked because I hoped you did." His voice was wonderfully gentle; he spoke slowly, as though between his own words he was listening to another voice, the voice that whispers, whispers always in the ears of those who love. He went on slowly: "You and she are so much together; it might not be the safest and best thing for her if you took it lightly—not that I think you dishonourable, Jim—you won't believe that! But sometimes I have thought—I think a great deal about you, Jim—I sometimes fancy that Hildé cares for you a great deal. It might be less cruel for both, both you and Hildé, if we went away, unless—unless—"

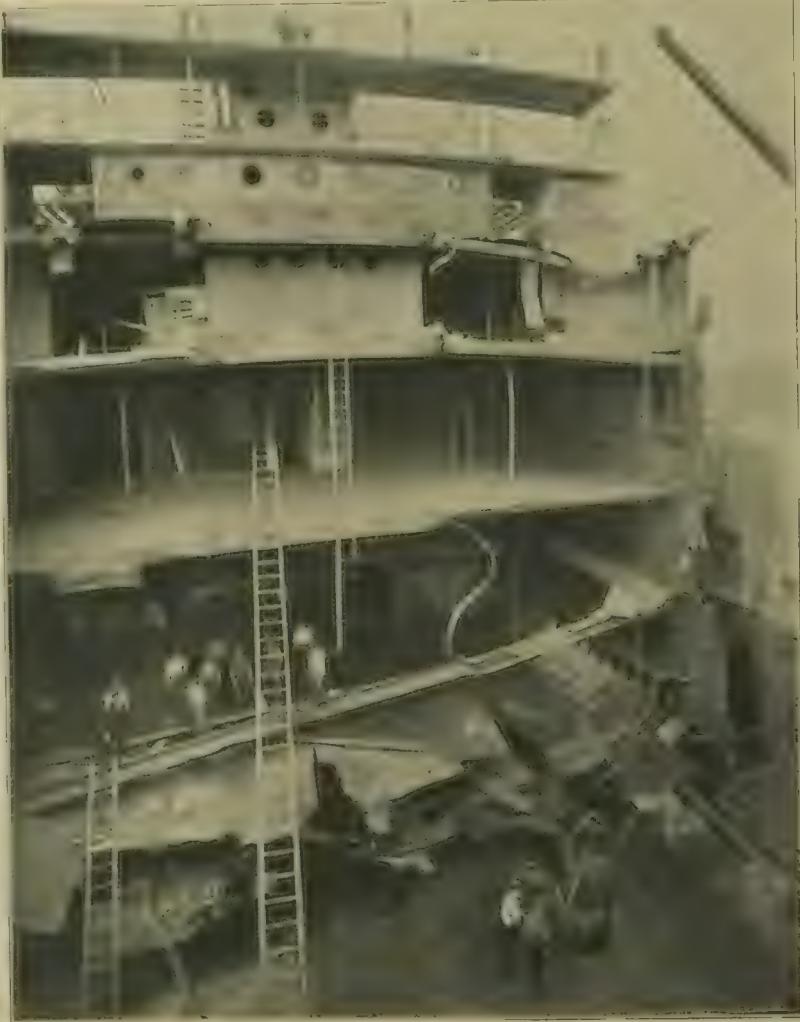
He stopped abruptly, his face touched with a tender light, the voice again sounding softly in his ears.

"What?" said Harewood with dry lips.

Bourke smiled at him, and touched his forehead with his hand dreamily. "What was I saying?" he asked.

"Nothing," answered Harewood vacantly.

(To be continued.)



THE STEAM-SHIP "MILWAUKEE" IN DRY DOCK ON THE TYNE.

See "Our Illustrations."



THE ARRIVAL OF LORD KITCHENER AT DOVER, OCTOBER 27.

See "Events of the Day."

LITERATURE.

A MODERN MARCO POLO.*

Perhaps there are some who would ask, "But who was Marco Polo?" Well, we suppose that concession must be made to modern impatience of the past, and therefore we may say that, roughly or thereabouts, Marco Polo was, some centuries since, to the continental heart of Asia what, in our own time, Stanley has been to the continental heart of Africa. And when we say that Dr. Sven Hedin is a modern Marco Polo, we add all the emphasis and completeness of the nineteenth century, for, metaphorically, Sven Hedin's little finger is thicker than Marco Polo's loins. What the ancient traveller began the modern has completed. Marco Polo touched the unknown heart of Asia. Sven Hedin has pierced it through and through. He left Stockholm, and, plunging into the silence of steppe, plateau, highland, desert, and indescribable desolation, he reappeared at Peking. And he "came up" smiling.

For that is Sven Hedin's way. He impresses you first with his geniality; his depreciation of seriousness; his happy turn of phrase; his spontaneous wit; his *camaraderie*; his complete Swedish personification of our English "good fellow." And yet, as you grow to know more of him and learn something of his stern contest with the most formidable opposition, placed in his way by unrelenting *Natura* and inhospitable savagery, you are more impressed by his stolid strength of character; his banter, you find, covers earnestness; his humour, patience; and as for his rich gift of *camaraderie*, why, you learn he has that in him which led him, on account of the danger of his self-imposed task, to attack that task alone and unsolaced by the companionship of a single European!

I sat next to him at dinner one night, expecting some story of stern adventure—some anecdote of high peril. But none came. Only incident after incident of dry

humour, of Turki

post, of Tibetan

absurdity. There

were many "geo-

graphical" men

about him, and the

only story he told

them in his speech

related to a holy

Tibetan shrine

whose saint "en-

joyed" a cult of

great popularity;

but—alas for

human error all

the world over!—

Hedin, who has

discovered much

beside of more

serious import, dis-

covered here that

the bones of the

departed saint were

really the bones of

the saint's donkey!

Which, I suppose,

led us to infer that

more than one

shrine has been

erected over an ass.

But Hedin has

crossed Asia—

crossed it in its

most inaccessible

parts—crossed it,

for close upon 6000

miles, where no

European had ever

been; where an

ocean of waterless

desert rolled upon

him, month after month, a choice of death by starvation,

death by thirst, death by fatigue, or death by wild beast

and wilder man. Never daunted, never beaten back, he

kept going east—riding till he lost his camels, walking

till he fell through weakness and fearful thirst, crawling

till he came to the stagnant pool of water which saved

his life and made possible this book.

Like all men who have greatly dared, Sven Hedin is

modestly incorporate; and therefore it is in keeping with

himself that all this endeavour, all this achievement of four

strenuous years, should have been carried out for the modest

sum of £1900!

Tibet is, as it were, in Asia what the Polar regions are

in their retreat. Magnetic in its power to attract, invincible

in its capacity to rebuff. Inner Tibet had remained up to

this day of Hedin's conquest as virgin as the North Pole

itself. Outer Tibet has had its Parrys, Franklins, McClintocks, Markhams; for the names of our own

countrymen only—of Johnson and Shaw, of Forsyth and

Carey, of Dalgleish and Gill, and Younghusband—will

recall many determined and dangerous journeys carried

through with varying fortune and unvarying pluck, though

with imperfect result. But it has been left to Dr. Sven

Hedin to penetrate, through and through, the great central

core of Darkest Asia; and tear away for us the veil with

which Lamasism, Turki secretiveness, and inhospitable

Nature have so long shrouded innermost Mongolia.

The interest of Hedin's journey revolves round the

central highlands of Asia—the great unknown Tibetan

plateau. In plain language, this plateau may be described

as being a great area of desolation fifteen times larger than

England, with an average height only a little less than

that of the most stupendous rock-tower in Europe—the

Matterhorn. On this vast dome you are scorched by day

and frozen by night; its sharp ridges and sharper pinnacles

are formed by mountains whose paths are *couloirs* of ice

and whose peaks are impossible. Its curves were bent

on a Titanic scale by volcanic cleavage and eruption in ages

before history or human time, and to-day its main features

are the scars left by avalanche and winter torrent, sunburn

and summer drought. Yet, from its caves and secret

springs there are born some of the greatest rivers of Asia.

It is, then, into this Asia—this great "preserve" of the prehistoric and primitive, where on the one side we see the cradle of the so-called Aryan, and on the other that of the inscrutable Yellow Man—that Sven Hedin has taken us. Here, in this most important book—unquestionably the greatest work on Asiatic geography for many a long year—he has taken us with him, day by day . . . as he has drunk mares' milk in the *yurts* of the kirghis, camped in the snows of the Pamirs, loitered in the bazaars of Kashgar, come within an hour of death in the desert of Takla-makan, cowered under the sand-storms which turn the endless dunes into a seething sea, delved for spoil in ancient cities ages since deserted; stalked yak in North Tibet, parleyed with the dread robbers of Tangut, been deserted by his own servants, and has finally entered the land of pagodas, temples, and pigtailed.

Very numerous are the pictures which serve to throw light on the story. They are chiefly from photographs, though there are not wanting reproductions from sketches—both, of course, by the author. Alike in text and illustration there is no lack of variety; the book is what it is—a monument of a great journey; it is a book worthy of the journey, as convincing and attractive in its manner as it is handsome and thorough in its material embellishment.—B.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Joseph Shaylor, so long known to all bookmen on account of his association with the great distributing house of Simpkin and Marshall, has done a double service to the art of the bibliophile by the publication of his dainty little volume on "The Pleasures of Literature." In the first place, he has reproduced the very telling picture by Meissonier, "A Reading at Diderot's House"; then he

of *Crampton's Magazine*. It will contain the first instalment of a novel by Miss Violet Hunt, and numerous other interesting features. It has now the same proprietors as the *Idler* and the *London Review*; that is to say, it belongs to a company of which Mr. Oswald Crawford is the chairman.

Now that the proprietors of the *Wide World Magazine* have stated that they do not publish the narrative of Mr. Henry Grin, otherwise M. Louis de Rougemont, as true, no one, I think, can have any quarrel with them. The de Rougemont story is quite as good as a thousand and one compilations that have passed muster for fiction from the days of Bulwer Lytton to our own. Indeed, the de Rougemont narrative, by virtue of the fact that much of its incident was drawn from the world's masterpieces—from literary sources known to all but the most illiterate, has many merits which do not pertain to much of the commonplace fiction which editors of magazines—unhappy creatures—are compelled, however unwillingly, to crowd into their publications if they aspire to a large audience. I suppose that a story of fine literary quality, as, for example, "The Little Schoolmaster Munk," by Mr. Shorthouse, in spite of the growth of the reading public and of magazine literature, would command an even smaller audience to-day among magazine readers than at the time of its publication ten years back.

It is not, however, accurate to say that de Rougemont's adventures mark their author as a master of fiction "who has had no equal since Defoe." It is one thing to admit that these adventures will pass muster among the stuff that editors have to put into their magazines, and even to wish that their enterprising publishers may sell them by the million; it is quite another thing to claim that they are literature. Defoe had a splendid style. De Rougemont has no sense of style whatever—as

how should he have? Defoe had a vivid imagination, practically independent of predecessors; for there is no evidence that Defoe had ever seen Captain Rogers's narrative concerning Alexander Selkirk, and if he had he borrowed little enough. De Rougemont's so-called imagination is entirely due to his memory. To say that events that you have already read in books have happened to you does not make you imaginative. Nor has the latest of Defoe's imitators the faculty which pertained to Kampe, the author of "The Swiss Family Robinson," of making his supposed adventures appear sincere and convincing. When, however, the "de Rougemont Adventures" are published in bookform, it will be a pretty amusement for some enterprising journalist to discover all the "sources" of Mr. Grin's story.

One of the most obvious sources is, of course, "The Travels of Baron Munchausen," a new edition of which has just been published by Wells Gardner. Meanwhile, I note that Mr. Bertram Dobell has a copy of Munchausen in his November catalogue, priced at fifteen guineas. Mr. Dobell claims that it is the first edition. It is dated Oxford 1786, and it is probably the first edition of Raspe's book, although bibliographers have usually given 1782 as the date of the first edition of Munchausen, whose famous travels, it will be remembered, were written by a Hanoverian resident in London.

Mr. Arthur Waugh has contributed to *Literature* a charming *causerie* on "The Special Copy." It is a very eloquent plea for the book in one's library that we prize for its associations. It may once have belonged to a great man; it may have been bought with hard-earned pence. There are many circumstances which go to make particular books the pride of our library, although they may not be "rare" books in the sense that certain distinguished bibliophiles understand the word. Mr. Waugh will enhance his already considerable literary reputation by this little essay.

Literature, by the way, has very much improved of late. There was a time when I thought its note too aloof and heartless, its methods too severely ponderous, to give it any lasting place among new journals, although these particular qualities suit very well for newspapers that have half a century of tradition behind them. *Literature* to-day, however, has become a remarkably "live" paper. It has gossiping articles and well-informed criticisms. See one, for example, in the current number upon Mr. Saintsbury's "Short History of English Literature," pointing out many of the errors of that compilation. Again and again critiques appear in it which have the note of special knowledge. So many reviewers, alas! bring to their task only the knowledge that they have derived from the book that they review.

C. K. S.



THE LAST FIVE CAMELS.

From "Through Asia," by Sven Hedin. (Methuen and Co.)

has persuaded Mr. Andrew Lang to write an introduction to his book, and there is, I imagine, quite an army of us who collect every book to which Mr. Lang's name is attached. Thirdly, in his "Pleasures of Literature," he has gathered together in a most dainty style the opinions put forth on the joys of reading by a very large number of eminent men, from Lord Bacon to Lord Beaconsfield, from Oliver Goldsmith to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Shaylor refers in his preface to Mr. Alexander Ireland's "Booklover's Enchiridion," but he claims, perfectly justly, that there is still room for a handy pocket volume containing a selection of pertinent extracts. Mr. Alexander Ireland's book, as we know, is somewhat bulky in form. Mr. Shaylor needs no apology; for were the passages that he quotes not among the best thoughts of the best minds, I am inclined to think that his book would justify itself on account of its artistic form and daintily designed cover. Messrs. Wells Gardner and Darton seem to be one of our most promising firms so far as concerns the invention of pretty books.

I wonder, however, if Mr. Shaylor, who refers to "The Booklover's Enchiridion," knows that there was published many years ago—in 1851, in fact—a little volume bearing the same title as his own. "The Pleasures of Literature" it was called on the cover, but the title-page runs, "The Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature: A Discourse by the Rev. Robert Willmott, Incumbent of Bearwood, Berks." The publisher was Thomas Bosworth, of 250, Regent Street. The book would, perhaps, sound old-fashioned to many a reader of to-day, but I remember the time when its apt quotation and its pleasantly interspersed literary anecdote made it a great delight. I have always considered Willmott's "Pleasures of Literature," Mr. Locker-Lampson's "Patchwork," and Samuel Rogers's "Table Talk" as three handy little volumes of literary anecdote which one should always have by one's elbow.

Mr. Oswald Crawford, whose activity and enterprise in the direction of modern magazine literature excite my warmest admiration, informs me that after the November number *Chapman's Magazine* will be known by the name



1. The Interpreter; Captain Begbie, H.L.I., Prosecutor;
and Four of the Accused with their Guard.
2. The 5th Fusiliers visiting the Telegraph Guard by Night.

3. Moulou-Nazafakis, Condemned for the Murder
of Three Highland Light Infantry men.
4. A Witness for the Prosecution.

5. Hadji Adikianuma, Witness for the Defence.
6. Officer of Gendarmerie, Witness for the
Prosecution.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CRETE: SCENES AT THE TRIAL OF THE RIOTERS AT CANDIA.

From Sketches by Mr. H. T. Crispin, Lieutenant 5th Fusiliers.



6

EVENTS OF THE DAY

M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the *Times* for now nearly thirty years, is the *doyen* of the special-correspondence service. Moreover, he is, if the truth were told, the real inventor of the interview. True, the name "interview" was never applied to the talks with personages which M. de Blowitz has the knack of introducing in the very nick



M. DE BLOWITZ. PARIS CORRESPONDENT OF THE "TIMES."

From a photograph by Mr. N. Thompson-Lyon.

of time into his letters; and Printing House Square might be unwilling to register itself as the birthplace of that "new feature" in journalism, which may, no doubt, degenerate elsewhere into what is trivial or offensive. In its legitimate form it was as inevitable as it was welcome. The busy man who had not time to write had perhaps a minute to talk, especially to an organ that sounded through Europe; and the journalist took what he could get and was grateful. Sometimes Princes, Presidents, and Prime Ministers—M. de Blowitz always discriminated between people of first and those of second-rate importance—told M. de Blowitz more than they wished the world to know. The confidence was always respected, and even journalism gained by the renunciation; for when the time came to speak, M. de Blowitz was able to tell everybody how he had bottled himself up; and the Pressman was revealed to Europe as a man not of enterprise merely, but of a most excellent discretion.

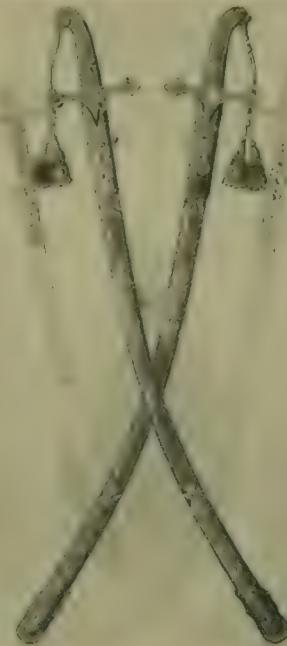
M. de Blowitz is a born Bohemian that is to say, he first saw the light in Bohemia at the château of Blowitz, near Pilzen. But in 1860, when he was thirty-five years of age, he assumed, by special decree, the present form of his name; and ten years later he ceased utterly to be a Bohemian, and became a naturalised Frenchman. He had already fought his way through the drudgery of teaching German in French *lycées* to the independence of a journalistic career. The *l'azette du Midi* and the Lyons *La Décentralisation* were the papers in which M. de Blowitz began to show what manner of man he was as a journalist; and he made his mark, too, as a political pamphleteer. After 1870 he took a more serious position as the ardent supporter of M. Thiers, and in 1871 he was decorated with the Legion of Honour, and became one of its officers a few years later. Then began his relations with the *Times*, fitful for the first three years, but afterwards a fixture of the first importance. Through him Thiers made confidences to the public; so did Orleans Kings *de jure* and Gambetta equally. Prince Bismarck was drawn by him, and the Sultan himself. M. de Blowitz has seen, and talked with, and scribbled notes to a generation of giants; but if he ever laments the past, he has the happy art of making the present seem to be as important and as picturesque as any of the periods that have gone before.

Long before the Calais boat, with the Sirdar on board, was in sight of Dover, the Admiralty Pier was packed, row upon row, with spectators eager to greet him on his home-coming. He sighted them from afar, a black mass of

faces, and expressed surprise. In his tweed suit and "bowler" he leapt on shore, to be greeted by General Sir William Butler, K.C.B., in full dress, and Sir William Crundall, the Mayor of Dover, also in all the glory of his gear of office. The Highlanders formed the guard of honour; the Gordon boys had their bagpipes, and the boys of the Dover College School the best of lungs to add to the exultant outcry. The Sirdar flushed a little under his tan, and seemed at first to wish to shun the publicity that passed all moderate expectations. But the informal "How are you, Kitchener?" of Sir William Butler, to say nothing of the greetings of his sister-in-law, made him feel—what indeed he was—quite at home again. An address was presented in the Lord Warden Hotel, and there were the usual episodes which take all sympathies captive. "My boy was with you in the Soudan," said one white-haired citizen, proffering his hand. "His name?" asked the Sirdar. "Peake." "Ah, he's up at Fushoda now," replied the General, with Cesarian command of detail. The banquet given by the Mayor (who has been Dover's Mayor many times over) was a great success. The Sirdar was able to pay his first tribute upon English soil to "the magnificent forces who had faced with such fortitude," etc. Of the company were Mr. George Wyndham, Dover's member, Mr. Henniker Heaton, from neighbouring Canterbury, and General Sir W. Butler, who brought down the house by saying that if the Custom House officials had really scrutinised the Sirdar's baggage they must have found in it the baton of a Field-Marshal. At a quarter to five the train left Dover, which cheered itself hoarse to the last; and the victor at Victoria saw a sight that will not easily be effaced from his memory. The phalanx of Grenadier Guards on the platform, instead of keeping the crowd back, seem, in their enthusiasm, to have been the first to press forward to greet the hero of Omdurman. Prince Christian Victor and Princes Francis and Adolphus of Teck were hustled almost off their feet; Lord Wolseley had to hold on tight to his hat; Sir George White, General Maurice, and General Salmon were struggling in a frantic crowd, which included Sir George Faudel Phillips, Sir Dighton Probyn, and Colonel Frank Rhodes. Ladies had their bonnets busily disarranged

and their skirts torn. Even the Sirdar's hat, which he held in his hand, was smashed flat. That was all the work of the first exciting minute or two. Then a stalwart group of policemen surrounded the Sirdar and escorted him to the royal waiting-room, whence, ten minutes later, he drove away to the house of some friends. Friday the Sirdar spent partly at the War Office and partly at Marlborough House, where he had two long talks with the Prince of Wales; and a visit to Lord Salisbury at Hatfield has been followed by a journey to Balmoral, where Lord Kitchener received in person the thanks and congratulations of the Queen.

On this page we give a picture of the sword of honour which is to be presented to Major-General Sir Herbert Kitchener, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. The hilt is of solid eighteen-carat gold, being headed with the British Lion, and the decoration is of rich Renaissance

SWORD OF HONOUR FOR PRESENTATION
TO THE SIRDAR.*Photograph by Russell.*

SCENE AT DOVER HARBOUR ON THE ARRIVAL OF LORD KITCHENER.

treatment, engraved and repoussé work of the finest character. On the obverse is a finely chased figure of Britannia, while on the reverse is that of Justice, having relation to the expedition to Khartoum. The monogram of the General, composed of fine diamonds,



GREAT BOULDER UNEARTHED AT LITTLE LEIGH, WARWICKSHIRE.

Photograph by May and Co., Northwich.

rubies, and sapphires, is introduced, and the hilt is also enriched with a series of decorative jewels, amethysts, beryl, lapis lazuli, turquoise, and jacinth. The reverse has a panel bearing the British and Egyptian flags, enamelled in proper colours. The scabbard has two massive eighteen-carat gold bands, the upper having the arms of the City of London; while on the reverse appear, on appropriate panels, a view of the planting of the flags on Gordon's Palace at Khartoum, and the K.C.B. decorations below. The centro-band is decorated with palms and mottoes, the names of the Sirdar's victories being prominently shown. The lower end, or heel, of the scabbard is also of eighteen-carat gold, being adorned with trophies of English and Egyptian weapons, with those of the Dervish tribes beneath. Another surface is enriched with the Orders conferred upon and honours offered to Sir Herbert Kitchener, shown in repoussé. The blade is of the finest steel, the upper portion being elaborately damascened with solid gold in the true Oriental manner, the lower part being etched in different tones. The emblems on the blade have a strict relation to the presentation, and the inscription is richly etched on the steel. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, W., to whom the order was entrusted, have carried out the work in the most artistic style, great skill being shown in the execution of even the minutest details. The sword is one of the most interesting ever presented to a victorious General.

A few days ago a boulder of extraordinary dimensions was unearthed on the farm of Mr. Horton, Little Leigh, on the estate of Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh, Kenilworth, Warwickshire. The stone was so near the surface that the farmer had experienced difficulty in ploughing his field, and being determined to remove the obstruction, caused excavations to be made round it; when it was discovered that the mass of rock measured 7 ft. 7 in. in breadth and 6 ft. in depth; or a girth of 31 ft. 6 in. lengthwise, and 20 ft.

circumference in breadth. This shows that the stone must weigh close upon forty tons. Communications have been opened with the owner of the estate, and it is expected that instructions will be given for its preservation. The boulder is by far the largest ever found in this country, and certainly surpasses in dimensions those that have received mention in the records of the various learned societies of the kingdom. It is of considerable importance geologically speaking. Evidently the rock does not belong to the neighbourhood, but, to all appearances, is allied to those of Wales, and is no doubt Felspathic Breccia. It was embedded in sea-sand. Close to the field in which it was found are four different kinds of soil—namely, marl, marlsand, gravel, and sea-sand.

The British Protectorate of the Niger Coast was formally assumed in July 1884. It extends along the coast of Africa from the Benin River to the mouth of the Rio del Rey, at nine degrees east longitude. Duke Town, on the Old Calabar River, is the headquarters of her Majesty's Consular establishment. Major H. L. Gallwey, D.S.O., is now Acting-Consul, as Consul-General Moor is in England on leave. It was soon discovered by the authorities that a force of trained men must be organised to maintain order amongst the numberless wild tribes which people the Protectorate, and accordingly a force of two hundred, lately increased to four hundred and fifty men and fifteen officers was raised and called the Niger Protectorate Force. They have done excellent service. Their detachments have been led through pestiferous and heavy jungles exposed to the attacks of these wild tribes, and yet have always been successful. The latest report shows that their losses in killed and wounded have equalled one-fourth of their whole force. But led as they have been by officers such as Major Gallwey, D.S.O., Lieutenant-Colonel Milne, D.S.O., now commanding the force, Captains Burrows, Cockburn, Carter, Major



Photograph by Warner and Gathorne, Barnsley.
MAJOR H. L. GALLWEY, D.S.O.
Acting H.B.M. Consul at Duke Town.



LIEUT.-COL. MILNE, D.S.O. Major Searle.
OFFICERS OF THE NIGER COAST PROTECTORATE FORCE AT HEADQUARTERS, OLD CALABAR.

Photograph by W. J. Sawyer, Old Calabar.

Searle, Lieutenant Daniel, and others, the rank and file have proven themselves to be splendid soldiers, and are doubly valuable, as they are accustomed to the climate. The recruits are mostly of the Iloassa type. Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce Hamilton, who commanded the whole force at the Benin Campaign, passed high encomiums on their bravery, and it is by the aid of this force that cannibalism is gradually being stamped out from the Protectorate. Sir John Kirk's report on his return from the inquiry into the outrages at Brass gives a slight idea of the people against whom the force had to contend. He writes to Lord Salisbury: "On our return to the Protectorate yacht we visited Sacrifice Island on the Brass River, interesting as the spot where human sacrifices are still carried out. It was here the victims of the Akassa outrage were taken to be slaughtered, and where the bodies were mutilated in the manner usual with these people when human flesh is intended to be eaten. Lieutenant-Colonel R. S. Milne obtained his D.S.O. for gallant service under Lord Roberts in Afghanistan, and afterwards served in Burma. Major Gallwey was promoted for his able services during the Benin Campaign. Detachments are stationed at Benin, Brass, and Ediboo. They have to protect about 15,000 miles of territory."

Nurse Peché, who has died in Vienna of the plague, spent some of her twenty-two years of brief life in the North of Ireland, where her beauty is still a living legend. Her survival of Dr. Müller by a week gave rise even to sanguine hopes for her ultimate recovery. But she did not share these anticipations. Facing death as fearlessly as Dr. Müller had done, she had constant thoughts for the safety of others. The grief which her death causes throughout Europe is deprived, therefore, of its worst sting.



Major Crawford-Cockburn. Captain Gordon.
OFFICERS OF THE CENTRAL DIVISION EXPEDITION, NIGER PROTECTORATE FORCE.



THE COLD SHOULDER.— FROM THE PICTURE BY ALFRED STRUTT.

By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.



GETTING IT HOT.—FROM THE PICTURE BY ALFRED STRUTT

By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.

FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.—No. XII.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

DAWSON CITY TO ST. MICHAEL'S AND SEATTLE.

(Concluding Article.)

The *Portus B. Weare* caught us up as we were getting under way, so we proceeded in company—a good thing for both of us as it turned out. We had several narrow escapes of grounding again, churning up the mud in most exciting fashion on one or two occasions, but fortunately got through without further incident, and reached Fort Yukon that evening. It came on to rain heavily, and that and the mosquitoes prevented any prolonged excursion on shore. The place appeared the usual sort of uninteresting native encampment, so there was nothing much to attract one from the shelter of the ship.

Five days out from Dawson we reached Rampart City, a rising mining camp at the mouth of the Minouk River, where some rich finds have recently been made. It was 3.30 a.m. when we arrived, a little too early to commence sightseeing. Moreover, the entire place could be seen from our deck; so after a last glimpse of what looked like the usual sort of rough mining camp of the Yukon, we got back to bed again for a few hours' more sleep. When we were called about 6.30, we found the steamer still at anchor, but ready to depart, and learned that it had been decided to give our consort, the *P.B.W.*, three hours' start, as she could not otherwise keep up with us. Just before we left a poor fellow was carried on board. Both his feet had been frozen during the winter, and he had quite lost the use of them. He was going out to get them operated on, though it appeared there was no chance of saving them from amputation, as necrosis of the bones had set in.

Our next stop was at a place called Fort Weare, some hours farther on. This is another of the old Hudson Bay stations, and a large native encampment. Here we found the *John J. Healy*, another of the N.A.T. and T. Co. steamers, just arrived from St. Michael's. The *Weare* was also here; so there was quite a brave show of steamers. Naturally there was a long delay, which gave us ample time to inspect the station thoroughly. For an Indian encampment, it was very picturesque and well repaid a visit. Bark canoes appeared to be the principal industry of the place; they were of beautiful proportions and the frailest construction: one could buy a brand new one for \$10. The banks were covered with them, and, had it not been for the difficulty of getting it to England, I should have felt tempted to buy one to use on the Thames.

We got away at about two o'clock, this time followed by the *Weare*, most fortunately as it turned out. We proceeded down stream at a capital pace, without a hitch, until nearly six o'clock, when suddenly we were all startled by a loud report and a shock that nearly threw us off our feet. Almost instantly the engines stopped dead. Everyone looked round, scared for a moment; then there was an excited rush to ascertain what had happened, as the whole stern of the vessel had suddenly dropped several feet, and it looked as if we were sinking. The cause of the alarming noise was soon ascertained. One of the main supports, known as the "Hog Chains," of the upper structure of the *Hamilton* had snapped in two places, throwing the machinery out of line and rendering it useless, and at the same time breaking down the entire after-part of the ship in consequence of the sudden strain put on it! Whilst, to add to the gravity of the situation, at any moment the other chain might also give way under its double tension, in which case nothing could save the hull from breaking in two. Here was a pretty predicament 750 miles from our destination! The *Hamilton* was an absolute wreck; for we at once realised that even if she could be held together, she was now little better than a big raft, as her engines could not be used again. The *Weare*, meanwhile, in answer to our signals of urgent distress, only hauled up alongside the bank a couple of miles back. Again and again was the whistle sounded, while the firemen below were rapidly putting out the fires of the boilers and blowing off steam. It was certainly exciting. The river here was at least a mile wide, yet the *Weare* made no sign of coming to our assistance. "What could it mean?" They must surely know something serious had happened to us or we should not be signalling so persistently?" we were all exclaiming. At last a small boat was seen approaching from her. Then it dawned on us that the captain, a person named Weare, who also represented the company, might, perhaps, be afraid to bring his ship too close lest it might turn out that the *Hamilton* had been seized by an organised band of thieves, and that our signals were simply a ruse to get the *Weare* alongside. And so it proved; for the mate, who was in charge of the small boat, and who would not come on board, said his orders were to return and report what had happened. We therefore had to wait while they pulled up stream again, and actually got quite up to their ship before they came to our assistance, although at any moment the *Hamilton* might have broken up completely. With provoking slowness the *Weare* gradually got alongside, and made fast. Then a sort of temporary support was rigged up with heavy steel cables, though the whole of the superstructure had given way so much that this did little more than slightly take off the strain from the other parts. Then a consultation took place between those in command of the two ships as to the best thing to be done.

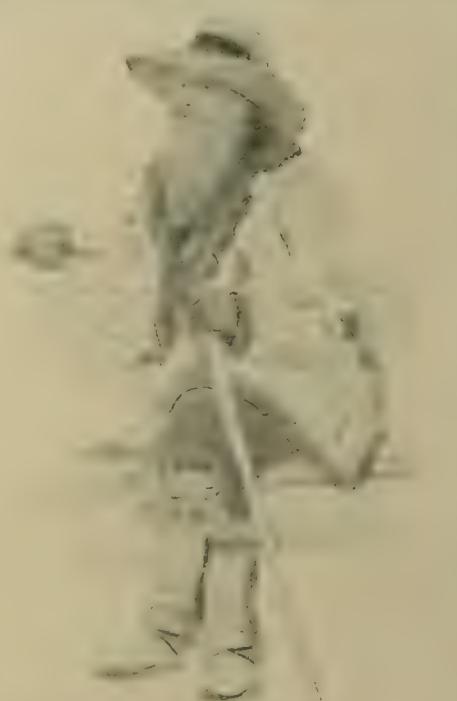
Mr. Weare, representing the company, and as such having naturally no thought but for his own skin, was for towing us ashore, and leaving us to fix up the *Hamilton* as best we could. To this brutal and heartless course our captain, a fine fellow who knew what leaving us behind meant, would not agree for a moment, insisting upon the *Weare's* sticking to us, as previously arranged. Mr. Weare, fortunately for him probably, gave in when he saw that he could not evade what was only too clearly his duty, and consented to take the *Hamilton* in tow. There is no doubt about it that, had he attempted to get his vessel clear of ours, there would have happened something he would never have forgotten, for there were many determined men on the *Hamilton*, and their blood was fairly up at his unmanly behaviour since our misfortune. The two vessels were then securely lashed together, and we proceeded again,

very slowly, of course, in comparison to our recent speed, but still we were moving forward towards our destination, and that was something to be thankful for.

The next morning, as we were "wooding up," the *Bella*—a boat belonging to the Alaska Commercial Company, also bound for St. Michael's—caught us up, and stopped to take on wood alongside. She was pushing a huge lighter full of passengers. It was fitted up with a sort of big marquee, in which was sleeping and cabin accommodation for nearly two hundred people. Captain Hanson, who was in command, undertook to send a tug from St. Michael's to meet us before we reached the mouth of the river, so as to help us through our troubles.

On our arrival at a little station called Anvik, we were met by quite a small fleet of canoes, their occupants having a quantity of fish for sale. This turned out to be what is known as "dog" salmon, and our purser purchased a number of them for the use of the ship; but they proved poor eating, and scarcely better than the canned food. There was a very pretty little village here, in the midst of which was a picturesque wooden church and vicarage standing by on a well-kept green lawn. This is one of the stations of the London Missionary Society, I believe. The curio fever broke out among many of us here, and anything at all uncommon or artistic was speedily bought up. In fact, there was quite a keen competition for boat-paddles and the like.

I had my first and only experience of one of the native canoes here, and never remember getting into a more cranky craft. It was like being in a boat made of brown paper; I was afraid I should put my boats through it. It looked so simple an operation just to step in and sit down on the matting at the bottom, back to back with the man who did the paddling, that I thought nothing of it



JOAQUIN MILLER: THE POET OF THE SIERRAS.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.

till we were well started and a mosquito settled on my ear. I was just putting my hand up to annihilate it, when the Indian gave an exclamation of terror, for this movement of mine had put the boat out of equilibrium and the water instantly rushed over the side, and I found I was sitting in two inches of water. The Indian grumbled something that I took to mean that I had better not move like that again, but I wanted no telling. The mosquitoes took all they wanted for the remainder of that trip. I scarcely dared to move my eyelids!

As we gradually neared the sea, and on all sides were evidences of the approaching completion of our eventful voyage, the spirits of all on board rose in proportion, for there was not a soul among us who was not heartily sick of these never-ending river-banks; and when at last the trees disappeared, to be succeeded by the low "tundra" of the delta, delight was on all faces. At a place called Kutlik, some nine miles from the actual sea, consisting of a single house on the bare plain, occupied by a Russian trader, we met a small steamer, the *John C. Barr*, that had been sent across from St. Michael's by Captain Hanson, of the *Bella*, to meet us; so we were well in the straight for home now.

It is not considered advisable to make the eighty-mile run up the coast in these flat-bottomed boats except the sea be perfectly calm, and there is no sign of wind. We were, however, very fortunate for once, and it was a dead calm. The disabled *Hamilton*, moored securely between the *Weare* and the *Barr*, therefore ran no risk; though we had to stop a few hours several miles up the coast whilst a slight breeze blew itself out, the time meanwhile being pleasantly passed visiting a little Eskimo fishing village close by. We saw here, for the first time, the canoes called *kyaks*, which are made of undressed sealskin, and are almost familiar to one from Dr. Nansen's famous book. From here was only a run of a few miles to St. Michael's, where we arrived without further incident. The *Hamilton* was exactly six days overdue.

The arrival of the disabled *Hamilton* caused quite a stir in the roadstead, and the air resounded with the screeching of sirens of big steamers and the shrill whistling of smaller

craft—this being the true Yankee form of marine welcome. The effect produced, though weird, was cheerful and gladdening in the extreme, for it betokened the return to civilisation after the long and tedious journey just accomplished. One must have gone through perils and hardships to appreciate thoroughly the delightful sensation of such a moment. The quay towards which we were slowly making our way was simply crowded with people—and on getting closer one soon realised that it was the incoming "rush" to the Klondike we were meeting—people who were on their way to Dawson by the route by which we had come out. The curiosity they displayed to see us was only equalled by our own, as may be imagined; for we were returning, as it were, to the world, and all that had been happening during the past three months was as a sealed book to us. Long before the ships were moored to the wharf, a busy fire of cross-questions was taking place—as to how the Klondike was turning out, the result of the war between America and Spain, how much gold we had on board, and so forth. However, we managed to get ashore in spite of it all.

We learned the next morning that the ocean steamer on which we were to continue our journey to Seattle had only just arrived, and would not be ready to start back for a few days. We therefore had to remain in our quarters on the *Hamilton*. A few hours sufficed to see all there was to see at St. Michael's, which is now but a sort of big trading-station of the two principal companies that up to the present control the trade of the Yukon region. The picturesque little Greek church, with its inevitable green cupola, a few rusty and antiquated cannon lying about close to a dilapidated palisade, and a row of old wooden cottages still inhabited by some Russian merchants, are all that remain to remind one of the Muscovite occupation before the place passed into the hands of Uncle Sam.

A big "hotel" which has been recently erected, several important stores, and a camp formed by the new arrivals by the steamers, denote sufficiently the change American enterprise has already made here since the Klondike fever broke out.

It is usually a ten days' run from St. Michael's to Seattle, Tacoma; but owing to the many uncertainties in the shape of fog and drift ice in the Behring Sea, no definite time can be relied upon. A very big detour northward has to be made on leaving the roadstead of St. Michael's, in consequence of the shallowness of the water round the delta of the Yukon, and several hundred miles have to be circumnavigated before the ship can be headed straight for her destination.

The steam-ship *Roanoke*, on which we at length found ourselves, would have been a very comfortable vessel had it not been for her crowded state—for we were packed together like herrings in a barrel. However, a welcome stop for a couple of days to coal at Dutch Harbour, a trading-station in the Aleutian Islands, helped considerably to break the monotony of the voyage, while affording a welcome opportunity for a ramble on shore through beautiful scenery that reminded me strongly of Scotland.

The run from the Aleutian Islands was uneventful—an alternation of fog and sunshine, which is so characteristic of these regions—then a delightful run up Puget Sound to the picturesquely situated city of Seattle, where a vast concourse of people, attracted by the news of our arrival, crowded every available vantage on the quays to welcome us back and to gaze with reverence—not unmixed, probably, with envy—on our ragged and travel-stained passengers as they came across the gangway shouldering their kit-bags, which, rumour had stated, were full of nuggets from far-away Klondike. My journey was ended.

ECCLLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishops appear to be doing something to discourage extreme ritualism. The Bishop of Liverpool has in the case of St. Thomas, Toxteth Park, obtained the discontinuance of the use of holy water and of the use of a book of prayers hitherto circulated in the parish.

The *Record* says that the Bishop of London has conveyed to the Vicar of St. Michael and All Angels, North Kensington, his objection to unauthorised services announced in a bill. The Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of Llandaff, and the Bishop of St. Asaph have spoken more or less to the same effect on the necessity of discipline. The *Guardian* says: "It is only to be expected that the prohibition of teaching by ceremonial will result in an immense development of teaching by word of mouth."

The Bishop of London has appealed to Mr. Kensit not to make any disturbances on Nov. 6, and assures him that he is doing all in his power to put down excesses, and will continue to do so. It is reported that Mr. Kensit will act in accordance with the Bishop's wishes.

The number of clergy holding appointments in England and Wales is 22,898. The clergy employed in Scotland, Ireland, the Colonies, etc., are 6289; the clergy apparently holding no appointments who last served in Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies number 884, and other clergy apparently holding no appointments, 3513. Of these, 1338 last served in assistant curacies.

The Rev. Canon Nicholl, who has been Rector of Streatham for fifty-five years, has just celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday. Although he seldom preaches, he frequently takes part in the services, and is enjoying excellent health.

The London Congregationalists are proposing to raise a sum of £20,000 a year to promote Church extension in London. It is intended to build four new churches every year to accommodate the growing population.

The Archbishop of York has expressed his belief that there never was a time in the history of the Church of England when more good sermons were preached, in the best sense of the word, than at the present day.

It is said that the current controversy in the Church is gravely affecting the incomes of diocesan and other societies in which all Churchmen have hitherto felt able to join. The *Record* advises that if money is being kept back from other agencies, some of it should be given to the support of work among the Jews.



FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE. HOMEWARD BOUND: SOME OF THE "HAMILTON'S" PASSENGERS.

From a Sketch by Mr. S. J. (See page 50)

SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE.

From Photographs by F. Mason Good, Winchfield.

THE PLAINS OF JERICHO AND SUPPOSED SITE OF ANCIENT GILGAL.



MOUNT TABOR.

PALESTINE OF TO-DAY.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE ADAM SMITH, D.D.

To Jerusalem and its surroundings, including Bethlehem, Jericho, and Mar-Siba, the imperial programme allotted the usual eight days of the hurried tourist. The conveniences for travelling through this region have greatly increased in recent years. Carriage-roads have been made to Hebron and Jericho, and there are four hotels in both of these places, so that for travel in Judea, tourists do not now require a camp equipage, and this need be hired only when they begin the long journey from Jerusalem northward. There are, however, as yet no palaces, and the imperial party had one camp pitched on the Mount of Olives and another on the plains of Jericho. It is remarkable that Hebron has been omitted from their programme. For whatever reason this may be, the opportunity has been lost of another visit of Europeans to the famous mosque which covers the cave of Maqeth. This is a pity, for it is an opportunity which comes only with a royal visit to the Holy Land.

Jerusalem itself has been thoroughly whitewashed. This can do no harm but much good, as every traveller to the city well knows; for it is one of the dirtiest cities in the world, and preserved from epidemics only by its lofty situation—few realise that Jerusalem stands 2300 feet above sea-level—and the slope of its site. Surely this was the time, if ever, for seeing to the introduction of a proper water-system. Jerusalem is one of the most waterless cities on the face of the earth, as even its besiegers have proved to their cost again and again, and almost all its drinking-water has had to be brought from the wells to the south of Bethlehem. The aqueducts are



THE NEW GERMAN CHURCH, JERUSALEM.

ancient, dilapidated, and very inadequate for the needs of the rapidly increasing population. In 1864 Lady Burdett-Coutts is said to have offered a fortune for the building of new waterworks, but the authorities declined it except on the impossible condition of having the money to spend in their own way; and since then the time has been consumed by the rival efforts of English and French syndicates, who appear to have succeeded in nothing but thwarting each other. It is a pity that the opportunity furnished by the preparations for the Emperor's coming should also have been wasted. So strong a reason for urgency is not likely to occur again.

Till one sees the surroundings of Jerusalem one never realises the hold that Russia has upon the Holy Land. Russian buildings, civil or religious, occupy the most favourable points of vantage all round the city. The strong complex of houses in which the Russian Consulate is settled commands the city from the north, and Olivet, the highest point in the suburbs, is crowned by a Greek church. The imagination of even so expert a politician as the German Emperor will surely have something to learn from these impressive testimonies to Russian ambition and influence. Had he visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Easter the impression would have been heightened by the sight of the crowds of Russian peasants on pilgrimage to the most sacred festivals of their powerful Church. He may be consoled, and certainly he will also be amused, by the evidence of how the intrigues of the Greek Church are balanced by those of the Latin. Nowhere does one of these rival communities adopt or invent a sacred site and plant a building upon it, but the other follows suit on the opposite side of the road.



THE JORDAN.



CANA OF GALILEE.

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE.

From Photographs by F. Mason Good.

So it is especially at Gethsemane and at Bethphage on the road by the Mount of Olives to Jericho.

Their Majesties and suite were able to drive in carriages to Jericho. The new high-road follows the immemorial pathway from Jerusalem to the Jordan valley, notorious in all times for its robbers, who find capital places for ambush among the desert rocks through which it winds. These dangers were no doubt the reason why Our Lord chose it as the scene of that ideal of friendliness which He gave in the Parable of the Good Samaritan. As this road reaches the edge of the Jordan valley, one of the most magnificent views in the Holy Land breaks into sight. If the air is clear, the snowy ridge of Hermon is visible to the north, eighty miles away; the apparently unbroken barrier of the hills of Gilead and Moab form the eastern horizon, and below them there is the great valley of Jordan, with the long green ribbon of the river's flood-bed winding down it like a colossal snake. In springtime the rest of the valley, some fourteen or fifteen miles wide at Jericho, is spotted with the wheat-fields of the Samaritan peasantry and of the Bedouin Arabs, whose camps and flocks are above it on the hills of Eastern Palestine. The Emperor has seen it, as he has seen the whole land, at its worst, brown and bare, after the long drought of summer. The great heat of the Jordan valley, the depth of the bed of the river in its centre, and its exposure to the raiding Arabs of the east, have for centuries prevented justice being done to the natural fertility of the soil. Yet under the strong hands of the Romans the Jordan valley was richly cultivated, and yielded large revenues. Jericho was surrounded with balsam gardens; groves of date-palms stretched from Jericho to the north, unbroken for thirty miles. The western bank of the river was almost as valuable in the times of the Crusaders. Near the site of the imperial camp, at the foot of Jebel Karantel—that is,



TIBERIAS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.



NAZARETH FROM THE WEST.

Mount Quarantania, the traditional scene of Our Lord's "forty days in the wilderness"—a few ruins on a stream still bear the name of Tawabin-ez-Zukker, or "Sugar-Mills," and William of Tyre, the Crusading chronicler, tells us that the revenue of the district in the days of the Latin kingdom was still considerable. From that time to this, irrigation and agriculture have been neglected: where there is water the ground is swampy; where there is none it is covered with thorns or with no vegetation at all. There is no reason, however, why the great natural fertility of the Jordan valley should not be revived. Its dates, flax, balsam, sugar, and even wheat might again become famous. The descent of the Jordan is so rapid that canals might be brought from the river's upper stretches just below the Lake of Galilee, even to the highest levels of the southern valley; or, if this came too expensive, it would be easy to irrigate almost everywhere from the perennial streams that issue from the mountains of Gilead and Moab. In 1891, on the east of the valley, I met with some agents of the Sultan of Turkey, who told me that they were gathering his crops of wheat. If I was not misinformed, the Sultan had purchased for his personal property considerable stretches of the valley. But it would need a company with Western capital and energy to make the agriculture pay; its former records justify the opinion that they would be financially successful, with great advantage, too, to the whole country. But the abnormally low level of the valley, from 680 ft. below the sea at the Lake of Galilee to 1290 ft. at Jericho, with the consequent closeness and heat, forbid the application of the methods by which the Germans have so finely revived the resources of the country at Haifa, Sarona, and on the south of Bethlehem, or by which some of the Jewish colonies are beginning to make fine farms and vineyards in other districts. In the Jordan valley native labour would be required, and

much preliminary toil in the clearing of jungle. The Jordan, where the Emperor touched it, is not an attractive river. Its normal bed is only about one hundred feet broad, between banks of black mud, with an occasional beach of slimy gravel. Through this the river scours with a rapid zigzag current, very dangerous even at the few fords by which it can be crossed. The depth varies from three feet to ten or twelve. A French company built a bridge some years ago just above Jericho; but when we crossed the river in 1891 it had been swept solidly away by the floods, to which, though replaced on its muddy foundations, it is still subject every spring.

William II. is the first European sovereign who has crossed Jordan since the days of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. Copper coins of that kingdom, with the five-fold cross, are still picked up in Eastern Palestine. Within a few hours' march of the fords at Jericho the insignia of the Crusaders still stands engraved on the ruins of Heshbon; and from Shobek in Edom to the er-Rabad above Ajlun in Gilead, the lofty ruins of their castles still stand upon their massive bases. A German Professor, R. Brünnow, has recently visited them, and in the journal of the German Palestina-Verein given the fullest account of them we possess. The whole land was once under Christian sway, and ruled by monarchs with German blood in their veins. The Emperor will be accompanied by Germans who are familiar with the resources and the striking history of "Oultre-Jourdain," as the Crusaders called Peraea, and it will only be natural if his imagination be excited when he sets foot on the farther side of Jordan, and he dreams of the restoration of the high and healthy tablelands beyond to Christendom and the colonies of Europe. After all, the greatest part of the material progress which Palestine has made during recent years has been due to his own subjects.

(To be continued.)



BETHANY FROM THE ROAD TO JERICHO.



THE "MANOEUVRES OF JANE," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

LADIES' PAGE.

Every hostess knows well how much better a light is given by candles made of fine wax than by any other form of illumination for evening parties; the softness of the light enhances the beauty of every decoration and allows full value to every colour, and it is the most favourable of all lights to the costumes and the complexions of the lady guests. The drawbacks to the use of candles on a table have been the difficulty of shading them sufficiently without the risk of their catching fire, and their tendency to bend over in response to the inviting heat of their neighbours, so as to gutter or drop drip upon the table-cloth or the heads of the guests. This disadvantage has been entirely abolished by a charming invention made by Mr. Clarke, the inventor of the long popular and much-admired fairy-lamps. The new lights, to which the name of "Cricklite" is given, are practically wax candles, but flat and much larger round than any candles, and supplied with a couple of wicks of prepared rush; these need no attention, and burn right down, without any possible risk, to the non-combustible foundation, having arrived at which they go quite out without either smoke or smell or danger of setting fire to their stands. Each light will burn for five hours, sufficient time for an evening party, and, of course, longer than any dinner, and the price of each one is only one penny.

It is easy for a lady who would like to try this new light to do so by sending for the cheapest form of holder, one to fit plain into a silver candlestick — this, with a box of lights, will cost her only half-a-crown; but in order to use the lights to the best advantage an infinite variety of the most charming candlesticks, centres, and épergnes has been provided. A selection may be seen, at any time that one is passing, placed upon ready-laid dinner-tables at the show-rooms of the company at 75, Regent Street, near St. James's Hall. There is one table laid with a duplicate set of the "Cricklite" and holders supplied to the order of the Sultan of Turkey. The centre is a magnificent clear and twisted cut-glass épergne, with an ormolu base, around which are set flower-tubes, and seven light-holders on branches above, all shaded by red-silk shades, from which hang bead fringes that temper

invaluable especially to hostesses living in the country, and as they will keep good in any climate, can be recommended for India. It is an original and "happy thought" for a Christmas present.

Flounces continue to form quite a feature of the English new dresses. One dress, made in soft black satin cloth, was tight-fitting to about the knee, and quite plain apron-fashion down the front, with three very full flounces trimming the entire back right up to the waist. Some of the skirts are trimmed to simulate three close-sitting (not gathered) flounces all the way round; the weight that is really given by such a three-decker arrangement being avoided by means of having a fold of the material turned under and edged along with the trimming, so as to give only the appearance of flounces. The most elegant designs are certainly those which flow downwards from the waist to the feet. The market is flooded with dress-pieces braided and embroidered in various ways, most of them either so cut as to require only one seam at the back, or if there are gores, seamed up before the embroidery is done, so that the dressmaker has nothing to do but attach the foundation and turn up the hem to the right length and supply the proper sized waistband. When the material of such a skirt is of a light fabric, such as cashmere, it is not necessary to insert a lining at all; but the soft material can be made to cling as close to the shape as possible — a silk slip of corresponding colour and only half an inch shorter than the skirt can be worn loose.

Silk underskirts of the still glacé or muslin-interlined brocades are to be bought now for very reasonable prices, the fact being that the new clinging style of skirt is not favourably made over this order of "the tempestuous petticoat." The latest in underskirts are made of supple, soft silks, over which the dress-skirt can be moulded closely to the knees. Indeed, white lawn and soft muslin, much lace-trimmed and ribbon-garnished, are the petticoats now being best worn for afternoon and evening dress. In the "tailor-made" the glacé underskirt holds its own.

At each change of season, dressmakers assure us that blouses are extinct and shirts are obsolete. With cheerful and cheering steadiness, women nevertheless cling to the useful and convenient fashion. Flannel shirts for morning wear are most popular and thoroughly "well-worn" at present. Not, of course, the heavy and ugly flannels associated with the British workman, but the charming designs and soft, pliable texture of that admirable fabric, "Viyella," the manufacturers of which are deserving of our gratitude for placing at our disposal a material at one time so healthful and becoming. The ever-useful and dressy plaid in every mixture or the simple stripe in every combination of colours is forthcoming in Viyella; a pinstripe of white on red is particularly warm and cosy-looking for winter mornings, and there is a good representative of the fashionable violet with an invisible check of black. Viyella, being unshrinkable, by the way, makes excellent nightgowns and other "washing wear."

Both the gowns illustrated this week are of cloth. One has the centre of the bodice of velvet, with wide band on skirt and sleeves to correspond, and is trimmed with tinsel braid and a band of curled braid; velvet hat with ostrich plumes, one outside and the other under the brim. In the other illustration, shaped bands of velvet are applied as seen, and the trimming is of tinsel braid, with yoke of the cloth in tucks, the velvet to quo being trimmed with white wings.

Great success throughout attended the "Women Workers'" Congress at Norwich. Bishops' wives were, as usual, the leading spirits. Mrs. Sheepshanks, wife of the Bishop of Norwich, gave the address of welcome, Lady Laura Riddings, wife of the Bishop of Southwell, delivered one of the addresses, and Mrs. Creighton, wife of the Bishop of London, was continually referred to and praised as the maker of the Union. The subjects dealt with are almost exclusively connected with charitable work. To this the Dean of Norwich referred in a sermon which he preached for the Union on Sunday. He pointed out that of the twenty-three Vice-Presidents, all but seven were ladies of title or wives of Church dignitaries, and that this showed that the women of the upper classes are alive to their duty towards the less fortunate. The topics were, therefore, not specially concerning women, but specially concerning the poor, the vicious, and the diseased — highly important as a field of work for charity, but rather gruesome.

An infirmary matron on the training of epileptics, another lady on homes for the feeble-minded young person, a speaker on training deaf mutes, two others on nursing the sick poor in their own homes in villages, others on unmarried mothers in workhouses, on children taken "in and out" of the same refuge continually by idle parents who use "the house" as a free hotel; two ladies urging as a kindness that poor, industrious, and honest women should be legally forbidden to do work for wages in their own rooms, but should be compelled either to get to the factories to earn or go to the workhouse rather than earn in their own homes; friendly societies for working women to save their pittance in — it is surely a testimony to the seriousness of the female mind that this set of topics could fill a hall day after day with an audience of women!

But it is wise of the Union to travel from place to place for these annual meetings; it gives the ladies who always attend a new audience to draw upon each time; and, of course, the close connection between the management of the Union and the wives of the Church of England dignitaries allows it to draw on the Church ladies for support in each town to which it goes. The serious earnestness of the debates, the good sense talked, the excellent order kept, and the practical work recorded and described, are all most creditable to women. All the organising needed is likewise done by women, and every office has a lady's name against it, including even that of the auditor, Miss Harris-Smith, of Victoria Street, who is in good business as an

accountant, and is only not a member of the Institute of Chartered Accountants because that body has refused her application to pass the necessary tests and take up membership.

There is to be a "Ladies' House Dinner" at the National Liberal Club, with Lord Carrington in the chair, on Nov. 23, and it is whispered that a dance is in prospect.



A SMART COSTUME.

This is described as "developing the social side of Liberalism." The Conservatives certainly began this in the country — the Primrose League greatly "develops politics" in this extremely roundabout way; but the great Conservative Clubs in London have not yet risen to the occasion.

FILONENA.

Epping Forest, a noble public recreation-ground for Londoners, which is easily reached from the West End by the Hampstead and Tottenham branch railway, from St. Pancras or Kentish Town, as well as from the East End, is to get a valuable new feature added to its rural attractions by the munificence of Mr. E. North Buxton, Chief Conservator, who offers the gift of Yardley Hill, a small piece of land, but commanding a very fine view. It has been accepted with due thanks by the City Corporation.

The Duchess of Portland, on Saturday last, further signalled her interest in the welfare of dumb animals by opening the kennels which have been erected at Heckbridge, near Mitcham, as a branch of the Battersea Home for Lost and Starving Dogs. Her Grace was accompanied by the Duke, and the proceedings included an inspection of the kennels and a luncheon served in a large marquee. In a speech delivered by Sir George Meason, Chairman of the Dogs' Home Committee, reference was made to the kindred institutions now in course of erection at Berlin, Amsterdam, and Antwerp. The London Home, which was founded in 1871 at Holloway, had befriended upwards of 280,000 dogs. It had not, however, been possible to find homes for all of these wanderers, and 80 per cent. had to be committed to the lethal chamber, there to end their troubles painlessly. Ladies had been large contributors to the new branch; two benefactresses, who preferred to remain anonymous, having given donations of £1000 and £1200 respectively. Her Majesty the Queen had expressed approval of the extension, and had this year increased her subscription. The Duke felt that he could with confidence appeal to the public to support an institution which had greatly assisted the work of stamping out rabies. During the first week the muzzling order was in operation, no less than 42,000 dogs had been brought to the home. The committee presented the Duchess with a pretty little rough-coated fox-terrier, for which her Grace promised to find a happy home for the rest of its days. A vote of thanks to the Duchess was proposed by Sir Howard Vincent.



A STYLISH GOWN.

the light capitally; at each corner of the table there are lights in two-branched candlesticks to correspond. Other candelabra are to be seen in Royal Worcester, in plain white, or in decorated Worcester of soft biscuit-coloured surface and touches of gold classic figures supporting the lights, and other shapes which are in themselves so charming as to form an effective table-decoration when illuminated and dressed with a mere handful of flowers. The prices of these standard-holders, of course, vary in accordance with the material and the elaborate finish of the design; but the light itself in each and every case is the same, and has the most charming effect. They will be

NOVEMBER.

Of all months in the year, November is accounted the most unwelcome. To Londoners it is the month of fogs, mist, and an atrocious assault on a person's breathing apparatus; a very likely month wherein to contract bronchitis, consumption, or some other chest affection. To dwellers in the country, November marks the on-coming of winter, the first serious indication on the calendar that autumn, the generous, is as mortal as summer, his delightful sister, proved herself a little while ago. In the remoter North, November may bring in parous snow-storms and weather of an alarming violence; and from John of Groats, where the snow comes from, to Land's End, where the Gulf Stream most treacherously does not temper the winter blast, November is a month regarded as dangerous. For the confirmation of this fear and its justifying, consult, if you will, the Registrar-General and the "returns" of that cheerful functionary. November, to be brief, sets up a universal danger signal—"Beware the ides, and all the other days, of November!"

"An early and provident fear is the mother of safety," someone has said—we fancy it was some advertiser. The suggestion here about to be offered is that of a fear at least provident, if not early, of November perils. Many of us are so well and happy during the summer and all the autumn, that we hope every year to "get through the winter in comfort this time"—until November comes and puts, as who should say, a spoke in our wheel. At the best, early winter is a trying time: the strongest of us has a right to be a little afraid of it. The cold one catches in November—it isn't change of temperature that gives it to us, it's a lack of tone and robustness in ourselves—often turns to a cough that may last all the winter. This is the case with the young people. They, again, suffer from the staying indoors which November enforces: digestion gets out of order and occasions bilious attacks, headache, neuralgia, and a general all-overishness, very often accompanied by spots and pimples, such as you would take Spring medicine for in April. How is it we do not take Autumn medicine? We need it worse than Spring medicine, really. And the old people? Well, November brings the first twinges of the winter rheumatism. Behind the door someone whispers: "We're afraid dear grandpapa will have a hard time of it this winter—his gout's beginning already!" In the best case, "poor grandpapa" and some people a good deal younger, too, will put up with a good deal of avoidable pain before the violets come out again and martens follow Spring.

"Avoidable," the reader interrupts. Certainly! A good deal of this suffering; many of these colds, these coughs, this bronchitis, these indigestions, neuralgias, headaches; certainly nearly all these rheumatics, are avoidable. You didn't suppose that illness differed from all the other things in the world in being an effect without cause? That would be grotesque. Certainly pain has its causes, and if we put a stop to the cause, beyond doubt we do away with the pain.

"Yes, it is all very well. Every winter there is medicine in the house to stave off this and that ailment, but we are all ill again the next winter!"

Of course; but that is ordinary medicine—"staving-off" medicine; medicine that acts upon symptoms. It is the cause of suffering that ought to be attacked, and this not by ordinary medicine. The blood and the nerves are at fault in all these ailments; the blood, because it is impoverished, not rich and not red enough; or because it has something in it that oughtn't to be there (which is the cause of rheumatism and gout, and rheumatic gout): the nerves, because we are run down and lack tone; our backs haven't got enough stiffness in them; the spine wants a tonic. These are the things that we ought to treat now, in November, if we want a comfortable winter.

Reader, get ready for a shock. You are going to have a precious attacker. You are going to have what you would call a "patent" medicine recommended to you. It is not, of course, a patent medicine in reality. It is a preparation that was worked out in practice and theory for many years by a singularly modest and clever medical practitioner. You will not like the name of it; very likely the name will sound to you vulgar and *ad absurdum*. The name is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—there's a title! But some name had to be devised that should be distinctive, that should stick in the memories of careless people. If you mean to use this medicine—and it is hoped that you can be shown good reason why you ought to use and profit by it—you should remember this odd, alliterative name, all seven words of it, and not accept from tradespeople anything that does not bear all the seven words, because if you do, it is only a substitute, got up to give the retailer a larger profit, but not at all representing the discovery of the medical practitioner (he was a graduate in the University of Edinburgh, and of the McGill University of Canada) already referred to. It is to protect you against substitution that the name was instituted. Do not let it prejudice you. "What's in a name?" At all events, be patient enough to read the history of the remedy, and some unexaggerated accounts of what it has done.

The history of the remedy is this. The discoverer spent years of research and experiment in developing the formula. He employed it again and again, before and after it was finally perfected, in his large private practice. It is, therefore, as far as anything can be from a cure-all or quack medicine. After it had been presented to a large number of patients, the circumstances attracted another person's attention. A chemist who made up prescriptions for the medical man to whom this great discovery is due, noticed that one formula was constantly prescribed for many varying ailments, and that the patients invariably got better, even when all other remedies had failed. He was led by this observation to question the doctor, who admitted that he had been able to effect the most unexpected cures by this pill. He added that (as the chemist could see for himself) the pills contained nothing that could harm anyone (in proper doses), even if taken without medical supervision; but, on the contrary, they were capable of doing great deal of good as a tonic and a household remedy. He was, therefore, persuaded to allow these pills to be recommended to the general public, and the name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" was given to them. They are not recommended as a cure-all; for some disorders they are not suitable, though they can never do harm. The secret of their value (as the discoverer pointed out) lies in the fact that they combine two very important properties. They are a safe and extremely effective tonic, especially to the nerves and the spine, suited not only for men, but also and especially for women suffering from their special ailments; and they have the power of enriching and building up the blood. Consequently, when they cure, they cure in quite a different way to ordinary medicine. Ordinary medicine combats the signs and symptoms of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills attack the foundations of disease, and eradicate them from the system, not, however, by the weakening process of purging or moving the bowels (as all other so-called blood-purifiers do), but by giving direct strength and nourishment to the blood and nerves. Thus it is that they are able to cure so many different disorders.

It would be unfair to expect the public to accept this statement without proof, and proof is therefore offered which, though possibly it may have been carelessly ignored and thus distrusted, no one has ever for a moment attempted to question. It has been taken that there can never be any doubt as to the truth of the evidence published. To secure this end, it is not the manufacturers' accounts of the circumstances that are published at all. When they hear of any specially interesting or remarkable cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in any part of the world they cause the person who has been cured to be called upon by a reporter or special commissioner on the staff of the best local newspaper. The reporter is specially cautioned against the slightest exaggeration. The paper is to publish exactly what its own representative finds to be the facts; and to guard against any possible mis-statement, he is further directed to obtain independent corroboration before publishing the case. Extracts from such newspaper reports, showing how the various disorders named have been undoubtedly cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, are printed with the names and addresses of the persons cured, and sometimes (as here) portraits of them.

This accounts for and removes another prejudice that is very likely to have existed in a reader's mind. You may have had occasion in newspapers to find, after reading one or two paragraphs of an article, that it all led to the recommendation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and have considered an "advertisement" of this form, in which the newspaper itself appears to make statements, really promulgated by the manufacturers of the medicine as unjustifiable. But, since these articles are actually written, not by the manufacturers, but by accredited emissaries of the newspaper itself, or some other newspaper, from which the statement has been reprinted, it will be seen that no inaccuracy is involved, as there is, of course, no attempt to disguise the fact that the article is paid for as an advertisement.

The manufacturers have endeavoured in every way to conduct the sale of this discovery fairly and honourably. They will at all times be pleased to answer an inquiry whether any particular disease, or trace of symptoms, described to them by letter, have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they make a rule of declining to send pills to persons suffering from any ailment that has not to their knowledge been cured.

Where money, in such circumstances, is sent it is returned by the next post with a civil explanation, and similarly where an ailment, not positively known to have been cured by these pills, is named in a letter of inquiry, the writer is strongly recommended not to use them, but to consult his medical adviser. Such inquiries (in which the name of *The Illustrated London News* should be specifically named for purposes of book-keeping and advertisement-checking in the Company's office) may be addressed to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Among the diseases recorded to have been definitely cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be named paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism, and sciatica; also diseases arising from impoverishment of the blood, scrofula, rickets, chronic erysipelas, consumption of the bowels and lungs, anaemia, pale and sallow complexion, general muscular weakness, loss of appetite, palpitations, pains in the back, nervous headache and neuralgia, early decay, all forms of female weakness, and hysteria. These pills are a tonic, not a purgative, they are genuine only with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and are sold by chemists and by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. at 2s. 9d. a box, or six boxes for 13s. 9d. Pink Pills sold loose or from glass jars are not Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; they should be accepted only in the pink closed wrapper as above described.

THE POSTMISTRESS' PROPOSAL.

A few miles from Basingstoke, in the little village of Wolverton, a representative of the *Hampshire Independent* paid a visit to the Lodge at the country seat of the Duke of Wellington, the abode of Miss L. A. Chiffince, who had a wonderful story to tell.

Smilingly she remarked that the story she had to tell was short, but there could not be the least mistake about it. She was seized with rheumatic fever in 1893, and suffered very severely. She consulted several doctors, and went to a London hospital for some time, but when she arrived home again her health gave way, and she was in almost exactly the same state as when she left for London. She could not take meat at any meal; her appetite was very bad, and it was impossible to walk without a great deal of pain.

Happening to talk with the postmistress of the village, she was strongly recommended by that lady to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The postmistress the great good they had done her, and several neighbours advised her at least to try them. Miss Chiffince acted upon this advice, and soon felt her health being restored and her lost strength regained. "I have," she said, "now had four or five boxes, and I am altogether different to when I first began to take them. I have a good appetite now, and can eat my meals with pleasure; and I am also able to go good walks, and that is a great blessing. Before, I could not walk anywhere without pain and weariness, but now I can walk anywhere and enjoy it."

The reporter asked Miss Chiffince whether she was sure it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that had done her so much good, and she said she had had a practical proof of that, for she felt so much better in health, and had tried no other medicine in conjunction with the pills. Ever since 1893 she had been a sufferer, but never had she felt better than since she had taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

REMARKS BY A RECTOR.

"St. Bartholomew's Rectory, Salford, Manchester.

"I know of several people who have received benefit from your excellent pills. They are most invigorating."

"A. W. PITTMERICK, Rector."

MAN AND WIFE: A DYSPEPTIC COUPLE.

There was quite a unanimous conference in the tastefully furnished parlour of Mr. and Mrs. Dear, 2, Norman Road, High Street, East Ham, when a representative of the *Eastern Counties Times* called.

Mr. Richard Edward Dear is an active man in the prime of life. A year ago, however, illness interfered with his

accustomed activity. "I used," he said, "to have severe pains after eating a meal. They were gnawing, burning, pains, the pains of chronic dyspepsia. Advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I started taking them. I felt great benefit before I had taken half a box, and since I finished that box have never had pain. My wife's case was much worse."

Mrs. Dear said: "A sister-in-law of mine who took a box, said they had done her good. I had pains in the back like knives cutting me, and I was so weak that I used to drop down at my work. Now and then I would have a fainting fit; I had



dreadful pains in the chest after eating. I am a bad hand at taking pills, but my husband said, 'These are not like pills; they are like sweets,' and so I found. I felt better after the first box, and now I can work without any trouble, and feel remarkably well."

THE PENALTIES OF AGE.

A few days ago, writes a representative of the *Leytonstone Express*, I had a chat with an aged and retired sergeant of the Royal Marines, Mr. William Browning, on whom I called at 29, Ramsay Road, Cann Hall.

Mr. Browning is active and apparently strong and healthy, in spite of his sixty-eight years. There are, no doubt, a good many men who look fairly well and strong at this age, but very few, I venture to assert, who have had to go through all that Mr. Browning has had to endure. To use a homely expression, he has had a very rough time.

"I was discharged," he said, "from the Royal Marines, owing to disease of the lungs and loss of voice; since then I have suffered more than most men in a lifetime. I have been almost continually under the doctor's hands with rheumatic swellings, loss of voice, giddiness in the head, pains in the back, bronchitis, and other difficulties. I went into Guy's Hospital as an in-patient, and afterwards to Victoria Hospital and St. Bartholomew's Hospital. But it was all no good, and I never knew what it was to feel well. To make matters worse, paralysis of the right vocal cord set in, and I could not speak above a whisper. I felt in an awful plait, and when I read in a local paper of the cure of paralysis, rheumatics, and bronchitis, by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I made up my mind to try them as a last resort. I really did not think they would do me much good, as all the medicines I had taken had proved useless, but I found an improvement before I had finished taking the first box. Since then I have taken the pills regularly, and I am wonderfully improved in health. My paralysis has quite disappeared. I am troubled no more with pains in the back and dizziness in the head, and you can hear for yourself that my voice is returning to me."

"But you find life much more worth living now?"

"I should think so! Why, I feel years younger, and when I go out my friends ask what I have been doing with myself."

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There was quite a unanimous conference in the tastefully furnished parlour of Mr. and Mrs. Dear, 2, Norman Road, High Street, East Ham, when a representative of the *Eastern Counties Times* called.

Mr. Richard Edward Dear is an active man in the prime of life. A year ago, however, illness interfered with his

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and Edward Platt-Higgins, the executors, the gross value of the estate amounting to £141,428, and the net personal £89,352. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to the Eye and Ear Institution, Hereford, the Working Boys' Home, Hereford, and the Bull Convalescent Fund, Hereford Infirmary; £300 each to the Royal Eye Hospital, Manchester, the Church Missionary Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and the Hereford Diocesan Clergy Pensions Association; and the picture, "The Chariot Race," by Professor Wagner, of Munich, to the Mayor and Corporation of Manchester, for the Art Gallery there. She also bequeaths £4000 to John Robert Bromley; £3300 to Francis Reginald James; £3000 each to William Bromley, Mary Jemima Wild, Agnes Wild, Eliza Martha Hope, Elizabeth Schiele, and Alice Hope; £4000, upon trust, for Henry Bromley and his children; £4000 to Margaret Platt-Higgins; £200 each to Emily Keal, Frances Mary Higgins, and Emily Doyle; £2000 each to Lady Charles Bradenell Bruce, Fanny Platt-Higgins, Mary Harris Hills, Emily Frances Schunck, Emily Dods, Francis M. Platt-Higgins, William Richmond Hope, John Thomas Hope, Arthur Hope, Robert Elen Hope, Charles Harris Hope, Thomas Hope, Edward Hope, Samuel Statham Hope, Hannah Burton, Emma Firth, and Mary Hardingham; and very many other legacies and specific gifts. The residue of her property, including the real and personal estate she has power to dispose of under the will of her father, she leaves to her two executors in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1897), with a codicil (dated Nov. 30, 1897), of Mr. Ambrose Warde, of Tutsham Hall, West Parleigh, Kent, who died on Sept. 13, was proved on Oct. 20 by Frederick Warde and Gerald Warde, the sons, and Charles Edward Hoar, the executors, the value of the estate being £50,367. The testator gives to each of his nine children, Charlotte, Rose, Mary Jane, Ann, Florence, Margaret, Frederick, Gerald, and Ambrose, £203, £7 per cent. Stock of the Maidstone Gas Company, and one share each in the United Kent Life and United Kent Fire Assurance Companies; to each of his executors £50; and to his wife £1000 per annum and the use for life of his household furniture and effects. The residue of his

real and personal estate he leaves between his nine children.

The will (dated July 30, 1890), with a codicil (dated Nov. 23, 1896), of Mr. Edmund Harvey, of 46, Chester Square, S.W., who died on Aug. 24, was proved on Oct. 21 by Mrs. Agnes Anne Harvey, the widow and sole execatrix, the value of the estate being £37,493. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated March 14, 1896) of Mr. John Shaw, of Tamworth, Staffordshire, solicitor, who died on Aug. 11, was proved on Oct. 18 by William Armishaw and George Herbert Fowler, the executors, the value of the estate being £26,648 os. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her decease he gives his furniture, plate, pictures, etc., to his daughters Frances Margaret, Lucy Kate, and Annie Jane, as joint tenants; his wine to his sons-in-law, William Armishaw and George Fowler, and his grandson, George Herbert Fowler; and the ultimate residue is to be divided between his children Emily Edith Armishaw, Frances Margaret Shaw, Lucy Kate Shaw, Annie Jane Shaw, and George Robert Shaw.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1893) of Miss Sarah Ann Crampton, of Ivy Lodge, Lower Clapton, who died on July 20, has been proved by James Alexander Berry and Miss Agnes Emma Berry, the executors, the value of the estate being £22,829. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to the London Clerical Education Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Church Missionary Society, and the Irish Missionary Society; £250 to Sarah Ann Hunter; £500 each to her cousins, Emma Maria Berry and Ann Eliza Berry; £1000 and one hundred £10 shares of the Artisans', Labourers', and General Dwellings Company, Limited, to Mrs. Sara Baker; one hundred of such shares to the Rev. Charles Niel, of St. Matthias, Poplar; £250 each to the three daughters of Frank Bellinger; and a few other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her cousin, James Alexander Berry.

The will (dated April 27, 1898) of the Rev. Henry Anthony Jeffreys, Hon. Canon of Canterbury, of Hawkhurst, Kent, who died on June 23, was proved on Oct. 24

by John Jeffreys and Arthur Frederick Jeffreys, the nephews and executors, the value of the estate being £22,953. The testator gives £100 each to his brother, Marmaduke Robert Jeffreys, and to his sister, Julia Byron, and legacies and annuities to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his said two nephews.

The will of Major-General Andrew Hunter, Bengal Staff Corps, of 31, Upper Gloucester Place, who died on Sept. 20, was proved on Oct. 19 by Andrew Alexander Hunter, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £6121.

The will and codicil of Mr. Maurice Davis, M.D., J.P., of 11, Brunswick Square, who died on Sept. 29, were proved on Oct. 21 by Miss Minnie Gertrude Davis, the daughter, Reginald George Davis, and James Ebenezer Lickfold, the executors, the value of the estate being £6181.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some years ago in this column I commented upon the fact that the statistics of mortality among Post Office employés were not as clearly compiled or, at least, as plainly given forth to the world as seemed to be desirable, not only in the interests of the employés themselves, but also in those of medical science and of the public. In particular, I referred to the apparently high rate of mortality caused by consumption among the staff of the Post Office, and my remarks of the past, I find, require to be supplemented now by a fresh complaint. Mr. C. H. Garland, whose criticisms I respectfully commend to the notice of the Postmaster-General, has formulated a very formidable indictment against the postal service in respect of the high mortality for which phthisis is responsible. There is no institution the public value more than the Post Office, and, despite certain little red-tape ways and silly regulations which vex and annoy the soul of the average man, we may well be proud of the development of the service as a tribute to our national evolution in ways of peace and progress. Therefore, in any remarks I have to make on the sanitary phases of the department, it will be

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L E T

no foreign Power disguise from itself the consequences of forcing war upon this country. The men of Great Britain are, without doubt, the strongest and most determined on sea or land. In a just quarrel they are stern, invincible, and undivided. Their wealth and resources are incalculable. Their energy without bounds. Still, there are many individual exceptions in this great national bulk of fearless strength. Some are found who seem hopelessly out of the running; who go about their share of the world's work listlessly, in half-hearted manner. To

T H E M

the "wild joy of living" is an unknown sensation. If they eat or drink, or do anything out of the ordinary course, they are liable to the severest penalties of headache, nausea, indigestion, nervous tremors, and many other disagreeable reminders



that they are but feeble folk. The real truth is they are *never well*, and they generally despair of attaining to that degree of health which so largely contributes to make life worth living. It is to

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such that BEECHAM'S PILLS are particularly recommended. This medicine is the most effective ever discovered for the successful treatment of nervous dyspepsia. And it is generally nervous dyspepsia to which these gloomy, languid, silently suffering individuals are a prey. But BEECHAM'S PILLS will change all that—will so tone up the stomach, so improve nutrition, so perfectly regulate the functions of the liver, and so purify the blood, that with vigorous manhood or womanhood again established, happiness must surely

C O M E !

understood I am not playing the part of the captious critic in any sense. The supervision of the health of the Post Office officials is a national matter, and if certain facts demand and require explanation, by all means let us have the facts accounted for, and wherever need for reform exists, let that need be exploited.

Mr. Garland's plaint is that, in the official report on the health of the staff, the statistics given are practically useless. "The various classes" (of workers, I presume), he says, "are all lumped together and not properly classified." He does not make this statement without giving reasons for his opinions. If the 130,000 officials are treated as if they represented one uniform class of workers, it is evident there exists some grievous fault in the method of compiling the vital statistics of the department. This is not the practice in respect of the enumeration of the vital statistics of towns or of bodies of men at large. Why, then, should not the sanitary department of the Post Office be capable of affording exact information regarding the health of those engaged in its work? There can be no need for secrecy, but, on the other hand, a great deal of harm may be wrought by burking the figures. If Dr. J. T. Arlidge, the author of one of the most important works that has yet seen the light of day on industrial diseases, was refused information by the Post Office when he asked for details concerning the health of the staff, we may assume that either the coils of red-tape had invested the official mind, or that there existed some more definite reason for the refusal. The report which is now issued on the health of the employés is a sop to the Cerberus of public opinion. What one may complain of now is the inadequacy of that report as conveying a satisfactory amount of information concerning the health of those who are engaged in this important department of the public service.

In the report to which I allude it is found that as regards consumption special reasons exist for demanding

"more light." More especially is this information necessary and imperative in view of the national interest which is being evoked in connection with the prevention of that scourge. No information is given, for instance, concerning the classes of Post Office officials—and their name if not legion is at least many—that contribute the largest quota of deaths from this cause. Mr. Garland long ago showed that among telegraphists, there was a high prevalence of consumption. Have his assertions been disproved by the medical officials of the Post Office? I cannot find that they have been vitiated, and now, as before, there is no information given regarding this all-important point. But the figures which do appear are worth examination. The death-rate from consumption at the chief office is 1·6 per 1000, and the superannuation from this cause is set down at 9. Now, as Mr. Garland shows, if superannuation means hopeless cases (and it does mean this if it implies anything), then the total mortality from consumption at the chief office must be very much greater than 1·6 per 1000. The desirability of having this matter cleared up in the public interest is all the more pressing, since the death-rate from consumption in the community at large is about 1·6 per 1000. But let us bear in mind that the Post Office officials represent "selected lives." Medical examination attests their preliminary freedom, certainly, from a disease like phthisis. What are the conditions of life, therefore, we may ask, which, in such a community of selected lives, brings about a mortality from consumption exceeding that found in ordinary society where there is no such selective condition in operation?

Here we see the eminent need for fuller information being supplied to the public. The inference to be drawn from the facts is that there are unhealthy conditions of life represented in the Post Office service which serve as factors in inducing the onset of tubercular disease. Again, as if to emphasise this latter point, it is noted that with a total death-rate among the male staff at the chief office of 4·2 per 1000, the death-rate from consumption as corrected

amounts to 2·2 per 1000. This is alone a serious matter, and unless some error, not obvious by any means, vitiates these figures, the attention of the Postmaster-General should certainly be drawn thereto. The Duke of Norfolk is a humane man. His Grace may do well to cause an investigation to be made, first, into the statistical correctness of the figures given, and, in the second place, assuming the validity of the facts, to turn his attention to the remedying of a very grave condition affecting the vital welfare of those who live and work under his official charge. There are other points in the report on the health of the postal staff which, everyone will agree with Mr. Garland, demand elucidation. Why do nervous diseases affect the men largely, and not the women? Why do the women officials in London suffer from debility, and why do country female officials escape? In a word, the health report is incomplete in the sense that it gives no details such as any sanitarian would inevitably demand. Will the Duke of Norfolk, therefore, as a matter of bare humanity, order the defects to be made good?

A collective meeting of members of Christian Churches in London, joined in by Nonconformists and Dissenters along with Churchmen, was held in Exeter Hall on Oct. 26, the Bishop of London in the chair, to express their approval of the Czar's proposal to reduce warlike armaments. The Bishop of Hereford and the Rev. Dr. Guinness Rogers were among the speakers.

Mr. Frank Butler, chairman of the sub-committee of the Imperial Institute Amateur Orchestra, has agreed to act as honorary director in connection with the detailed organisation of the orchestra. Mr. Albert Randegger has kindly consented to act again as honorary conductor, and Mr. Louis d'Egville as honorary leader. There will be five special concerts at the Imperial Institute during the forthcoming winter season—namely, on Nov. 23, Dec. 14, Feb. 8, March 1, and March 22, all at 8.30 p.m.

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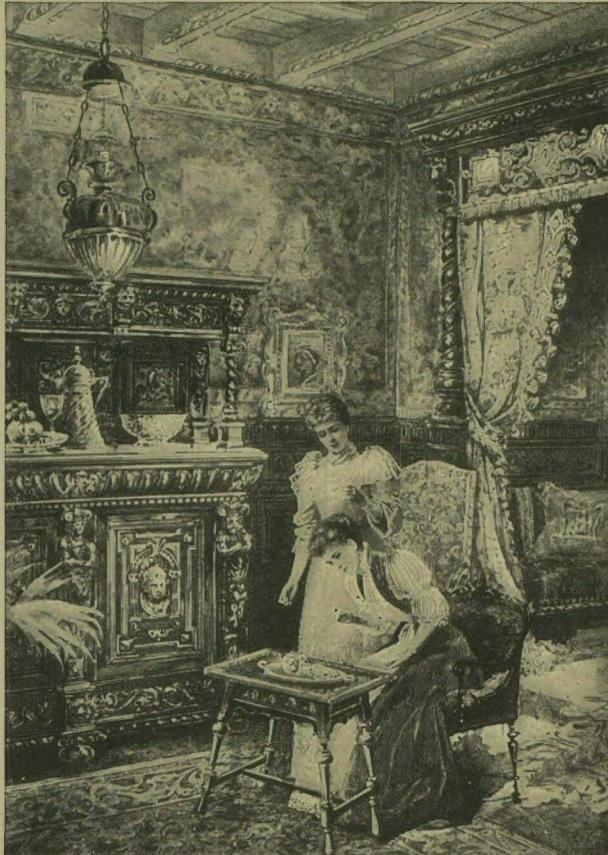
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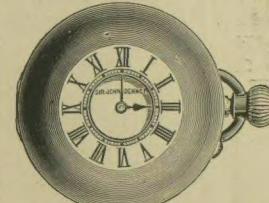
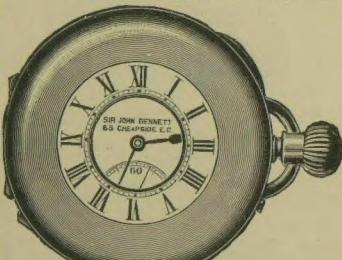
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MUSIC.

Music is at last quite busy at work in London, and the daily round of concerts is as old-fashioned and as new-fashioned as ever. That to be platitudinous, is the everlasting conclusion. The new season is always so old in its habit, so new in its detail. Here, for example, is Richter once more, playing with his customary quiet superiority, magisterial self-confidence, and yet great intimacy with the masterpieces under his control. Hero is Mr. Henry Wood beginning the new series of Mr. Robert Newman's Symphony concerts; the Saturday "Pops" have made their bow, and many little birds of every kind are twittering in the London trees that we call concert-rooms. But it is necessary to go more into detail.

Richter's first concert suffered by a somewhat curious lack of interest in the programme and gained by a noble gathering who crowded to the hall to do the German conductor honour. To those everything seemed glorious. They applauded every familiar number rapturously;

they could find no fault. And yet it was impossible not to feel that Richter no longer seems to make these Wagner works appear so modern and fresh as he used to make them. Or is it that the works themselves have lost some of their modernity? It may be one or the other, and it would be a terribly difficult task to decide. There were all the old things, the "Tristan" Vorspiel, the prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger"—that glorious composition—the overture to "Tannhäuser." But great as Richter is, the concert seemed fatigued.

The Symphony Concerts at the Queen's Hall began with a fairly good programme, which included the now somewhat overdone "Pathetic Symphony" by Tschaikowsky. Mr. Wood plays Tschaikowsky in his best moments of brilliant and energetic enterprise with enormous skill and intelligence; but he is not so successful with Tschaikowsky's tenderest and most tragic moments—those moments which really rank the man among the splendid creatures of musical art. Still the performance was, on the whole, a magnificent one, particularly the third movement with the great march.

Mr. Edward German's "Hamlet," the symphonic poem which was produced for the first time at Birmingham on the occasion of the last Festival, and which is less interesting than a good deal of Mr. German's work, was given also at this concert for the first time in London. It is a fair specimen of clever work, written by a man capable of better things. Among other important items, Mendelssohn's lovely overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was given.

The first Saturday Popular Concert of the present (forty-first) season was given last week with Lady Hallé, MM. Haydn Inwards, Gibson, and Paul Ludwig as members of the quartet. They played Beethoven's lovely quartet in E flat (op. 74) for two violins, viola, and violoncello. When it is said that they played in their very best form, it may be well understood how perfect was the rendering of this divine thing. The wonderful Adagio of the second movement was an absolute gem of interpretation, played with extraordinary dignity, calmness, and self-confidence. From beginning to end, however, there was

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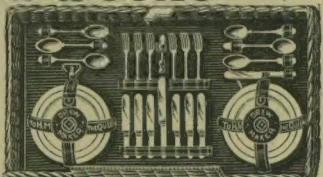
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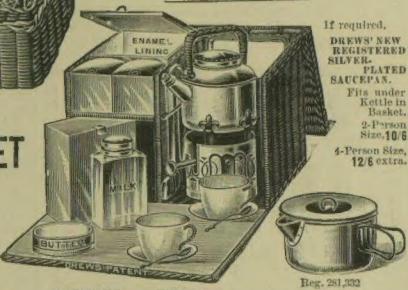
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the changes of human emotion, here, there, and everywhere, that if she is entrusted with a song dealing nobly with such emotion, she persuades you entirely to forget the limitations of her voice in the beauty of her dramatic interpretations. On each occasion of these recent recitals she has proved this truth more and more pointedly, and though it was interesting on her part to demonstrate this distinction between her styles, now that is done it would be well if she would in future adhere to the one which suits her best. As a declamatory artist she has few rivals.

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Whitehouse, while in the quintette Mr. Tomlinson has also joined the group. The concerts are very heartily to be commended, both for the quiet distinction of the compositions so far selected and for the great skill of the executive artists. We shall have more to say of this enterprise later in the season.

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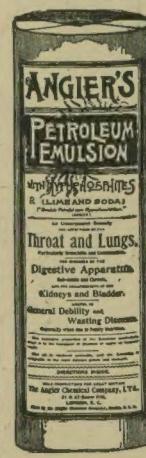
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